

Go Light

#2

5

thoughts on primal parenting and the wild child



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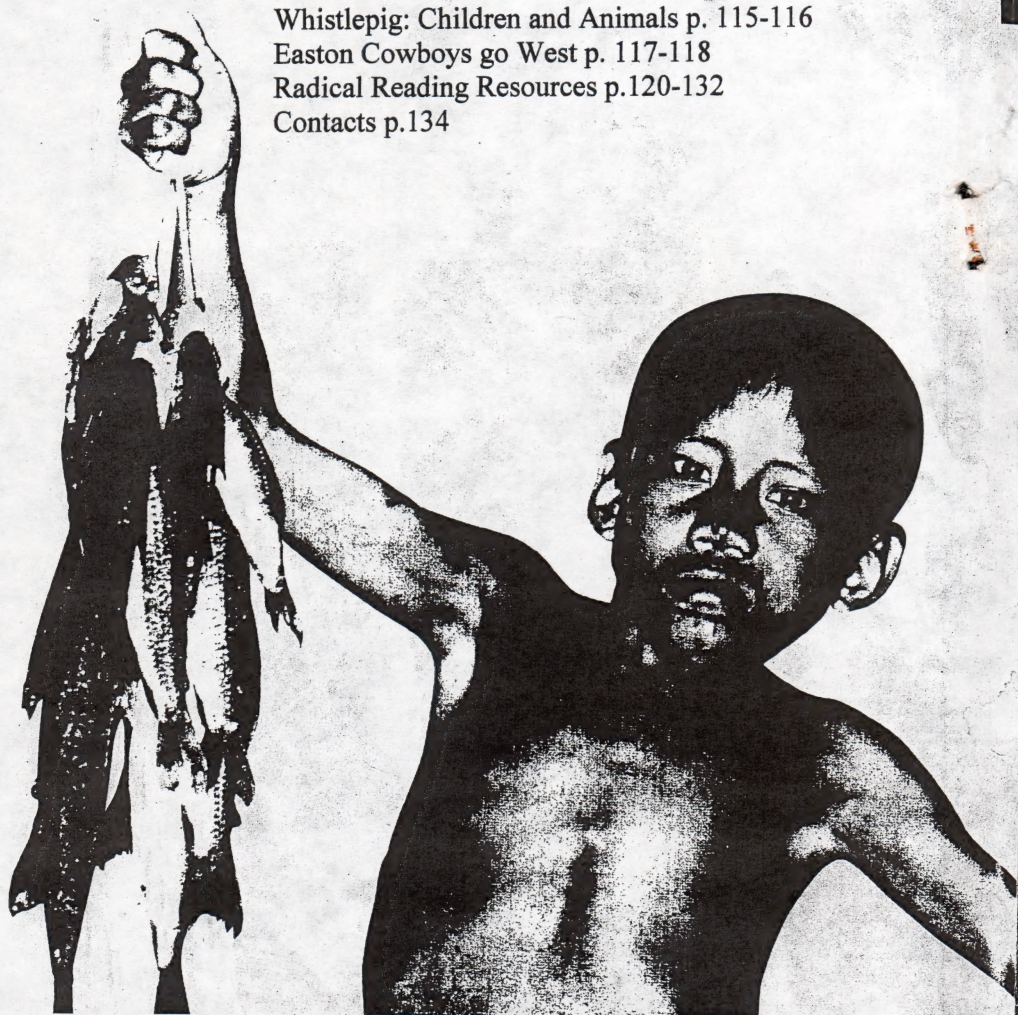
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welcome to the second issue of 'go light.' while originally scheduled for a fall '05 release major upheavals continued to arise and force the date back. finally here it is.... and only two years behind schedule!

for a number of reasons we decided this issue should focus on games and play:

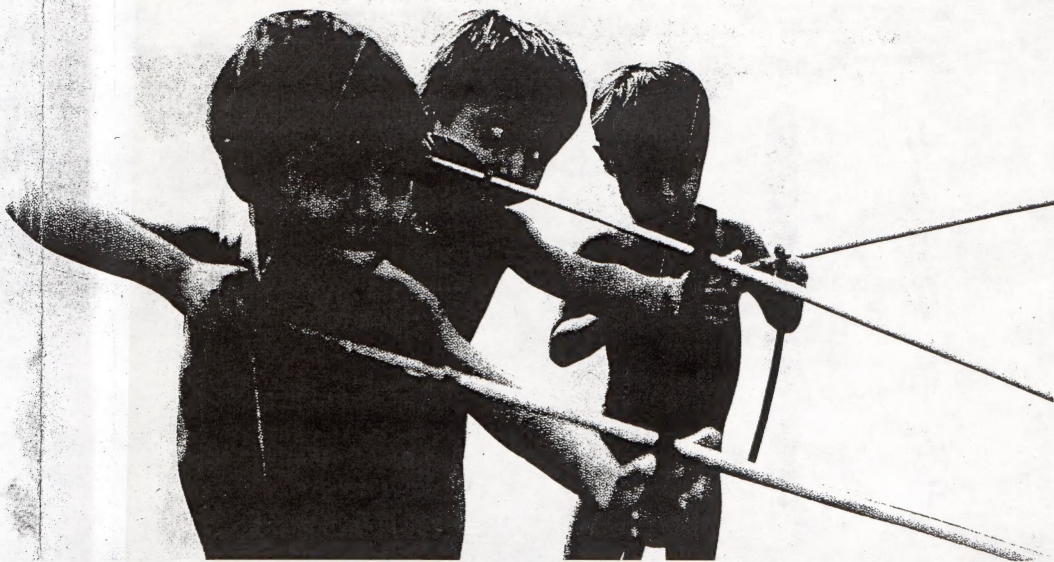
* when starting this zine we wished to help understand what we can learn from kids in an anti-civilization context, especially when it comes to spontaneous behavior before it is socialized/repressed by the dominant culture and it's norms and morals. one major difference between children and adults is the amount of time kids spend in "play" which modern adults have been forced to trade for "work."

* unlike some things (say, veganism or pacifism for example) games are found in every culture throughout the world. practical jokes and humbling humor held a crucial influence among hunter-gatherers especially in regards to the ego and helping to ensure no one develops a big-head. this helps maintain equilibrium within the tribe.

* although we have included a number of clips that we might not necessarily agree with (for instance many writings describe a gender division in regards to children's' play) we feel that overall we can learn from certain aspects (be it organic, compostable toys or direct contact with the natural world or the importance of play-hunting) and discover new paths from that which we don't care for.

* by spotlighting games in general we hope to avoid pigeon-holing this zine to one specific self-identified group (in this case "parents") while at the same time making it more interesting to others (aka those who aren't "breeders").

* but most importantly we chose this theme because without indulging in the insurrectionary playfulness that lies domesticatedly dormant within all of us, we run the risk of becoming as dull and humorless as the authoritarian Left.



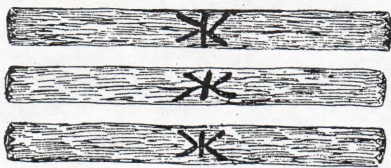


FIG. 80. Stick dice; length, 9 inches; San Carlos Apache Indians, Arizona; cat. no. 63556, Field

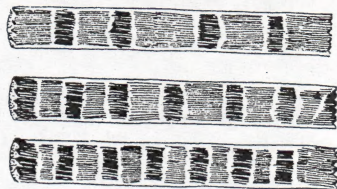


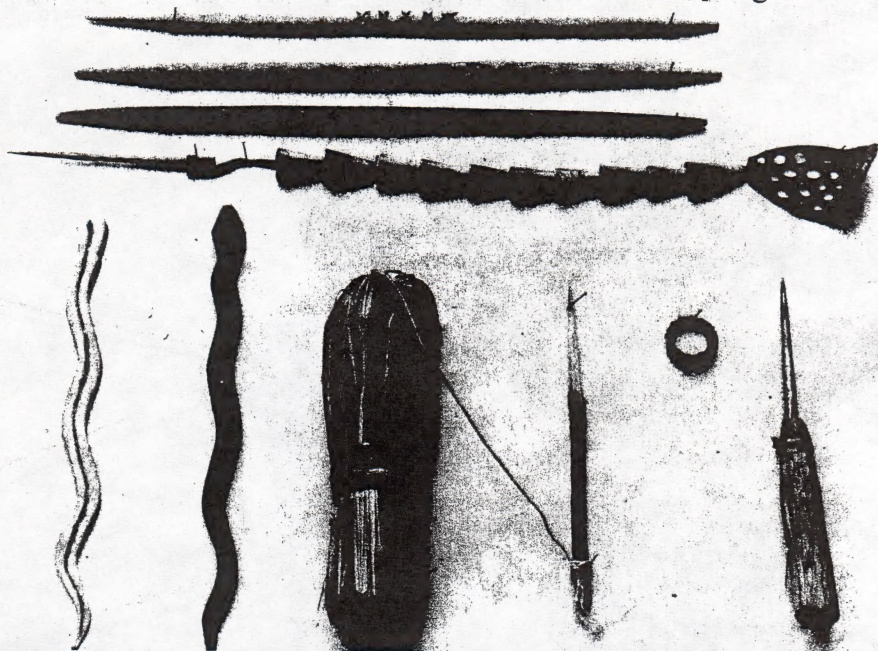
FIG. 81. Stick dice; length, 8 inches; San Carlos Apache Indians, Arizona; cat. no.

Play by the Wildroots Collective

Play is prevalent throughout the animal world. Dogs, raccoons, dolphins, butterflies, wolf cubs and humyngs play. Civilization has perverted play itself. Instead of actively participating in the creation of our own entertainment we have become spectators, flocking to stadiums and roosting in front of televisions, computers, and video games. Play has been extracted from other parts of life, the work of entertainment being relegated to professionals. Empire has taken basic ingredients out of play—personal contact and exploration—and replaced them with technology and spectacle. Throughout time people have made music, danced, and

participated in physical and intellectual games. The range of materials that can be used in play are endless—balls can be made of hides, drums of skin and logs, flutes from rivercane and reeds, body paint from minerals and plants, and simple “board” games can be played with pebbles in the dirt. Rewilding play can mean putting play into all aspects of our lives. It can mean participating in the creation of our own games, playing jokes, improv, acting out, using skins, twigs, and horns to dress up like animals, and coming up with celebrations that honor the wild in ourselves, and the world that surrounds us.

from ‘Back to Basics Vol.3: Rewilding’
available from greenanarchy.org



Play Fiercely! Our Lives Are At Stake!
Anarchist Practice as a Game of Subversion

by Wolfi Landstreicher

When I first encountered anarchist ideas in the late 1970s and early 1980s, it was quite common to talk about play and the subversive game, thanks to the influence of the Situationist International and better aspects of the counterculture. There is a lot to be drawn from thinking of our practice on these terms. In particular, I think that looking at anarchist revolutionary practice as a subversive game is a fruitful way of understanding anarchist aims, principles and methodologies as a basis for developing our strategies and tactics.

The thing that has distinguished anarchism from other conceptions of radical transformation is that anarchists have generally considered their ideas to be something to live here and now as much as possible as well as goals to be realized on a global scale. While there have certainly been anarchists who have chosen to turn their perspective into mere politics, the idea of living anarchy immediately gives anarchism a scope that goes far beyond such meager visions, opening it to the whole of life.

This aspect of anarchism is what makes anarchist practice resemble a game. Let me explain. A game could be described as an attempt to achieve a specific aim using only those means that fit certain conditions accepted by those involved for the enjoyment they find in following these conditions, even though they may lower efficiency. The aim of anarchist practice would be to achieve a world free of all domination, without state, economy or the myriad of institutions through which our current existence is defined. I cannot claim to know what the most efficient way to get there would be. From an anarchist point of view, there has not yet been a successful revolution, so we have no models for efficiency. But for those who desire this end, not out of a sense of duty as a moral cause, but rather as a reflection on a grand scale of what they want immediately, for their own lives, petty calculations of efficiency in achieving this end are hardly a priority. I know that I would rather attempt to achieve this end in a way that gives me the immediate joy of beginning to take back my life here and now in defiance of the social order I aim to destroy.

Here is where anarchist "principles" - the "rules" of the game - come in. The refusal to choose masters, promote laws, go to the negotiating table with the enemy, etc. are based on the desire to make our lives our own here and now, to play this game in a way that gives us joy immediately. So we choose these "rules" not out of a sense of moral duty nor because they are the most efficient way for achieving our goals, but rather for the joy we get from living on these terms.

In this light, we can also understand why in the area in which compromise is most forcefully imposed on us - the realm of survival in a world based upon economic relationships, which

always opposes the fullness of life - we will choose whatever methods are necessary to keep us alive. (How else could we play this game?) But we will do what necessity imposes on us in these situations (work, theft, scamming, etc.) as temporary measures for sustaining our capacity to steal back our lives and fight for the world we desire, maintaining our defiance in the face of this imposition. This is, in fact, one aspect of the subversive game in practice, twisting the impositions of this world against it. Here, I feel it would be good to draw a distinction between the outlaw and the anarchist who is playing the game of subversion. Of course, every anarchist is to some extent an outlaw, since we all reject the idea that we should determine our activity on the basis of laws. But most outlaws are not playing the subversive game. Rather they are centered on the much more immediate game of outwitting the forces of order without seeking to destroy them. For the anarchist revolutionary outlaw, this immediate game is simply a small part of a much greater game. She is making a much bigger wager than that of the immediate "crime". He is grasping his life now in order to use it to grasp the world.

So this game combines the goal of destroying the ruling order so that we can create a world free of all domination with the desire to grasp our lives here and now, creating them as far as possible on our own terms. This points to a methodology of practice, a series of means that reflect our immediate desire to live our lives on our own terms. This methodology can be summarized as follows:

1) direct action (acting on our own toward what we desire rather than delegating action to a representative); 2) autonomy (refusal to delegate decision-making to any organizational body;

organization only as coordination of activities in specific projects and conflicts); 3) permanent conflict (ongoing battle toward our end without any compromise); 4) attack (no mediation, pacification or sacrifice; not limiting ourselves to mere defense or resistance, but aiming for the destruction of the enemy). This methodology reflects both the ultimate aim and the immediate desire of anarchist revolutionary practice.

But if we are to consider this practice as a game, it is necessary to understand what type of game this is. We are not dealing with a game in which two (or more) opponents are competing against each other in an effort to achieve the same goal. In such a game, there could be room for compromise and negotiation. On the contrary, the subversive game is a conflict between two absolutely opposed aims, the aim of dominating everything and the aim of putting an end to all domination. Ultimately, the only way this game could be won is through one side completely destroying the other. Thus, there is no place for compromise or negotiation, especially not for the anarchists who are clearly in a position of weakness where to "compromise" would, in fact, be to give up ground.

The aims, principles, methodology and understanding of the nature of the battle at hand describe the anarchist revolutionary game. As with any game, it is from this basis that we develop strategy and

tactics. Without such a basis, talk of strategy and tactics is just so much babble. While tactics are something we can only talk about in the specific contexts of deciding what moves to make at specific points, it is possible to speak in a more general way about strategy. Strategy is the question of how to go about reaching one's goals.

This requires an awareness of certain factors. First of all what is the context in which one is trying to achieve these goals? What relationship do the goals have with the context? What means are available for achieving these goals? Who might act as accomplices in this endeavor? These questions take on an interesting twist for anarchists, because our goal (the eradication of all domination) is not just something we want for a distant future. Not being good christians, we aren't interested in sacrificing ourselves for future generations. Rather, we want to experience this goal immediately in our lives and in our battle against the ruling order. So we need to examine these questions in terms of this dual aspect of our goal.

The question of context involves analyzing the broader global context, the nature of the ruling institutions, the broader tendencies that are developing and the potential points of weakness in the ruling order and the areas for potential rupture. It also involves examining the immediate context of our lives, our voluntary and involuntary relationships and encounters, the immediate terrains that we traverse, our immediate projects and so on.

The relationship between what we are striving for and the general context of this social order is one of total conflict. Because we are striving not only to destroy domination, but also to live immediately against it, we are enemies of this order. This conflict is deeply ingrained in our daily lives, in the variety of activities that are imposed on us by the rule of survival over life. So this conflict is central to determining our strategy.

Since part of our goal is to grasp our lives back here and now, our means need to embody this. In other words, any means that involve surrendering our grasp on our lives (such as voting) are already a failure. But this is where it becomes necessary to distinguish what activities constitute such a surrender (voting, litigation, petitioning, bargaining with the enemy) and which can be incorporated into the reappropriation of one's life and the attack against institutions of domination (for example, a temporary job, certain sorts of scams, etc., that give one access to certain resources, information and skills that are of use in one's subversive activity).

Our accomplices could be anyone, regardless of whether they have a conscious anarchist critique or not, who use means in their specific battles against what immediately dominates and oppresses them that correspond to our own - means through which they are actively grasping their lives and struggles as their own immediately. And our complicity would last only as long as they use such means, ending the moment that they give up their autonomy or begin to bargain with their rulers.

Having established this basis, here are a few areas for discussing strategy:

Survival vs. the fullness of life - Strategies for continually overturning the dominance of survival over our lives, for making our projects and desires determine how we deal with survival to the greatest extent possible - for example, when one needs to take a job, using it against the institution of work and the economy through theft, giving things away, sabotage, using it as a free school to pick up skills for one's own projects, always seeing it as a temporary means to ends of one's own and being prepared to quit as soon as one's desire requires it.

Solidarity - There are two distinct aspects to this. 1) There are many flare-ups of social conflict that partially reflect the desire to take back life and destroy domination and that use a methodology like that described above, but without a conscious total critique on the part of the participants. How do we connect our conscious, ongoing conflict with the ruling order to these flare-ups of conflict in a way that fits with our aims, "principles" and methodology? Since evangelism and "moral leadership" conflict with these "principles" by turning us into pawns of a cause that we are trying to promote, we need to think in terms of complicity and straightforwardness. 2) Then there are the times when the enemy grabs some of our comrades and accomplices and locks them up. There is a habit in these situations of falling into a framework of support/social work/charity.

In terms of our aims and desires, I think this is a huge mistake. Without denying the necessity in building defense funds and keeping communication open, our primary question is how to turn this situation into a way for attacking the ruling order. The anti-prison activities of the French group Os Cangaceiros give some food for thought here.

Small-scale, everyday ruptures - There are events that happen every day on a small scale that cause temporary breaks in the social routine. How can we use these subversively against this order, to expose the reality of this society and to open other possibilities? How can we create such ruptures in a way that undermines resignation and acceptance of normality?

Large scale ruptures - Disasters, riots, local and regional uprisings all cause ruptures that can reveal a great deal about the ruling order and that move people to self-activity, generosity and a temporary rejection of the moral order of this society. How can we

take advantage of such situations in a timely manner? What can we do to help extend the awareness and the rejection of the moral order beyond the moment? How can we expose the various politicians and bureaucrats of rupture - political parties, union leaders, militants and activists - without coming across as another one of that parasitical bunch? So there is a vast and challenging game before us, one that I believe could make our lives into something marvelous. It is a game we have to play fiercely, because in this game our lives are the stake.

There are no guarantees, no sure-fire methods for winning. But for each of us, as individuals, there is one sure-fire way to lose. That is to give in, to resign oneself to what the ruling order imposes. Who's ready to play?

Reprinted from Green Anarchy #23



But my son and my daughter
Climbed out of the water
Crying, Papa, you promised to *play*
And they lead me away
To the great surprise
It's Papa, don't peek, Papa, cover your eyes
And they hide, they hide in the World

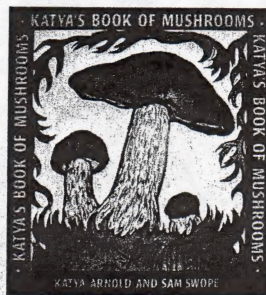
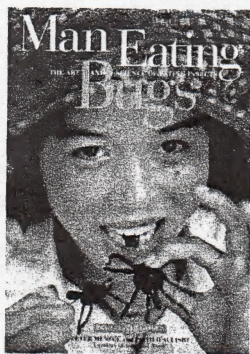
Leonard Cohen - The Night Comes On

Featured Reviews

(the following are all highly recommended)

Katya's Mushrooms by Katya Arnold and Sam Swope

The perfect book for all those little Anarcho-Mycologists out there! Beginning with the author's reflections on growing up gathering mushrooms in Russia and how she continues to hunt them even nowadays in the city. Each page covers different aspects of the mushroom experience: hunting, scientific parts, identifying, folklore, history, projects, hints and tons more. The brilliant, colorful illustrations really bring the pages to life and help young ones identify via association (for example, the Hen-of-the-Woods shows a cartoon hen with a tail made up of a *Grifola frondosa*). This is without a doubt one of the most kick-ass kid's book I've seen in years. Happy Hunting!



Man Eating Bugs: The Art and Science of Eating Insects by Peter Menzel and Faith D'Aluisio

in this travelogue the authors visit a dozen countries documenting the entomophagy (dragonflies, grubs, tarantulas, etc.) practiced among those cultures. Remarkable photos accompany recipes, folklore, nutritional information, customs, and personal narrative.

"Perhaps the most memorable meal was Theraposa leblondi, a tarantula big enough to hunt birds, which we ate with Yanomami Indians in the Venezuelan rain forest."

Shanleya's Quest by Thomas J. Elpel

In the first issue of 'Go Light' I included Elpel's 'Botany in a Day' among the recommended reading. In 'Shanleya's Quest' he simplifies the method of botanical pattern recognition even further weaving it into a magical story that children will enjoy, while at the same time learning the edible and medicinal properties of plants.

All Round magazine

Number 12, The Plant Issue

The "radical magazine for children ages one to 100 and up that champions people of all ages who love the Earth." Very basic introduction to edible/poisonous plants, exotic fruits and veggies, 31 edible berries, curious color garden, edible flowers, how to wear fruit(!), plant art, as well as the usual contents of games, contests, comics and such (see pg.13) Unfortunately, All Round is no longer being published but back issues (with themes like Shelter, Birth, and Animal Talk) are still available at www.allroundmagazine.com

Primitive Archer magazine. Volume 13 Issue 5

This issue features articles for/about children, including:
Passing on a Skill (teaching a child how to build cedar arrows)

My Son's First Bow (describes step-by-step including pics)

The Deer Zach Missed & the Squirrel He Hit!

First Time Bowyer (an 8 yr old writes about his first bow)

How it All Began (teenagers first primitive hunt)

My Grandson's Bow (making a recurve for a 3 yr olds birthday)

Tracking: Passing It On (teaching with exercises and games)

www.primitivearcher.com

The Throwing Stick Contest

The throwing stick contest can be set up in several ways—with child against child or group against group. The targets for the game can vary from large stationary targets to small moving targets, and everything in between. When one group plays against another group, set up the same number of sticks for each group. Have each member of the group walk to the throwing line and attempt to knock down the targets. The first group that knocks down all the targets wins the game. The same technique can be used with child against child, or you can set up a smaller target, such as a small piece of wood suspended on the end of a string from a high limb. The child who hits the target squarely wins the game. It is important to vary the targets in any game and to increase the difficulty as the children improve.

Eyes
in the
Dark

Talking
to
Fireflies,
Shrinking
the
Moon

Yet as our sense of vision becomes less effective in the dwindling light, our mind automatically shifts its focus from our eyes to our other senses. Suddenly, we are aware of the wind whispering through the trees, the dank smell of the earth, the gurgling of a nearby brook. Night has come, and familiar places seem somehow foreign.

You may be surprised to learn that a human's night vision is almost as good as that of some owls and is better than that of many nocturnal animals that depend more upon their senses of hearing and smell than their sight. However, you must give your eyes at least 15 minutes to become accustomed to the darkness. You need this time so your irises can open wide to let in more light. If you can manage to spend 40 minutes out in the dark before you get started on your nighttime observations, even better. By then, your retinas will be completely adjusted to the dark environment and able to use the available light to its fullest advantage.

There are several tricks for seeing better in the dark, but the most important one is to learn to look a little to one side of the object you want to view. This technique works because our retinas are covered with two types of nerve cells that are named for their shapes: cones and rods. Cone cells are concentrated in the center of the retina, and we use them to see in bright light and in color. Rod cells are concentrated mostly on the peripheral areas of the retina. These cells give us our night vision. By looking to the side of an object, you direct more of its image onto the rod cells, and things that appeared blurry when stared at directly will suddenly come into focus.

A powerful flashlight is always a comfort to have along on a night walk, but that white shaft of light scanning the trail will surely make every animal in the woods keenly aware of your presence. You can overcome this problem by getting a red lens for your light or by covering a clear lens with red cellophane. Either way, you will be able to shine your light directly on many nocturnal animals without scaring them off. This trick works because most nocturnal animals are totally incapable of seeing red light, which is the reason that zoos use red lights in their exhibitions of night environments. Also, the red beam from your flashlight will not affect your own night vision. When you turn it off, you will still see quite well.

Perhaps the most sensational nighttime activity is illuminating the eyes of hidden animals with your light. You can do this without changing the color of the lens since you are not going to try to get very close to

the animals. Put the base of your light by your upper lip or forehead and scan the area around you with the beam. Begin close in and move the beam outward in a series of ever-widening semicircles. As the light skims across the ground, it may cause a pair of eyes suddenly to shine in the darkness. You have just made contact with a dog, a cat, or one of the night-loving wild creatures that are active long after most people have gone inside.

Eyeshine is an eerie phenomenon caused by a membrane of reflective cells that lie behind the retinas of many nocturnal animals. This membrane, called the *tapetum*, reflects incoming light back onto the retina and then straight out of the eye in the same direction from which it came. This returning light creates the glowing eyes you see when the beam from your light catches one of these animal's eyes.

I can't really explain just how startling it can be to see a pair of eyes glowing in the dark. I have been surprised several times. One summer night, I was walking home, shining my light into a copse of trees that grew about 20 yards out in an open field. The night was moonless and very dark, so I was shocked when I suddenly found myself staring at five pairs of large, greenish-white eyes glowing in the brush. It took me only a second to realize that I had come upon a herd of white-tailed deer. But if I hadn't known better, I would have been convinced that a band of fiery-eyed demons was lurking in the trees hoping to waylay a solitary traveler.

An animal's eyeshine color can often be a clue to its identity, and the chart below will help you identify some of the common animals whose eyes "glow" when a beam of light hits them. Make note of the color of the eyeshine you see and where you saw it. Then, even if you don't get to see the animal itself, you will still have some idea of what was looking back at you in the night.

Animal

raccoon
opossum
skunk
porcupine
fox
white-tailed deer
woodcock
flying squirrel

Eyeshine Color

bright yellow
dull orange
amber
deep red
bright white
greenish-white
glowing red dots
reddish-orange



BALL DANCE; EAST CHEROKEE INDIANS, NORTH CAROLINA; FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MOONEY (1893)

Now, remember you! You can go out there and start eating plants unless you have a special human guide with you!

TWIL TAKES A WALK THROUGH THE SEASONS AND GATHERS WILD EDIBLES



magnolia flower buds, picked just as their furry husks are opening taste spicy in salads.

chickweed, a year-round green for salads or stir-fries.

in fall, add plantain seeds to oatmeal or muffin mixes

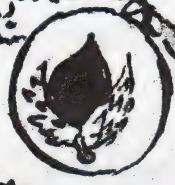
Ginkgo nuts are wonderful once the stinky pulp is washed off - dry nuts for a week, crack off shell, then boil or steam them

Twil gathers beech nuts for winter - small but worth the time

Twil Relaxes with Rose hip Tea



fall



spring



big leaf maple blossoms
are delicious right from
the tree

very young japanese maple leaves
taste tart and delicious when
floated on miso soup

wild
cherries

thimbleberries
and huckleberries
make a tiny snack.

summer

pineapple weed
makes a soothing tea

wild rose
petals
in
summer

apples - gone - wild
have the best flo

wild strawberries
are so good

nettles - steam
first!

young knotweed
shoots - taste
like
rhubarb

rosehips are ready in fall
take out the fuzzy seeds inside
first - then dry for tea

mountain ash berries
are bitter - make them
into jam with lots of honey

this is how to get black
walnut shells open:
crack them with a
carpenter's vice

Twil stuffs in the last
blackberries of
summer

Summer

fall

ALL ROUND
P.O. Box 10193
Eugene, OR 97440

"With my brothers and sisters I played about my father's home. Sometimes we played at hide-and-seek among the rocks and pines; sometimes we loitered in the shade of the cottonwood trees or sought the shudock (a kind of wild cherry) while our parents worked in the field. Sometimes we played that we were warriors. We would practice stealing upon some object that represented an enemy, and in our childish imitation often perform the feats of war. Sometimes we would hide away from our mother to see if she could find us, and often thus concealed go to sleep and perhaps remain hidden for many hours.

Frequently when the tribe was in camp a number of boys and girls, by agreement, would steal away and meet at a place several miles distant, where they could play all day free from tasks. They were never punished for these frolics; but if their hiding places were discovered they were ridiculed."

- 'Geronimo: His Own Story' edited by S. M. Barrett



Paiute Indians in northern Arizona playing the hand game.

Children in primal societies have a richly textured play space and earth-crawling freedom in infancy. This zone extends from a circle around the infant's mother or other caregivers to the small world of the juvenile with its own terrain, plants, animals, and artifacts, ideally including trees and water. The regular opportunity of the child while yet in the care of others to move about on the ground amid plants, to taste the earth and engage its bacteria, creates a sensory and chemical attunement to place: a kind of imprinting.

Children in primal societies have access to the scenes of life—such as butchering, copulation, birth, and death—especially within the family and in nature. They live in a rich, nonhuman plant and animal environment at the time of language acquisition and are given the opportunity to name animals with a coplayer. Taxonomy is fundamental to cognition as well as to grounding in a real world. From birth the lives of children are keyed to the daily, monthly, and seasonal round. These cycles are the true pulse to which their blood resonates, as distinct from the clock, electronic calendar, and historical regulators of our own lives. In this way the lifetimes of children are seen as part of other periodic natural events.

Games, based on animal-mimic play and other introjective predications of animals on the "inchoate" individual, are natural to children. Pretend play is the internalizing of the living world to create an enacted and then a perceived orderliness in the self that includes the verb-ing of animal names and the use of animals as models of special skills. In human small-group society this nonpeer play is unlike most of our school and recreation groupings in which children are classed by age. The concept of the game is a homology of the hunter and his quarry—of which the hunter is the most profound student and venerator, and the prey, the opponent, is equally fervent. To love and not to hate the opponent must be understood as a spiritualized expression of life.

Toys in modern society may be a burden to children in ways we do not yet understand. Toys are precursors to material possessions, which are few among primal peoples. They objectify the world as passive and subordinate to ourselves and, despite childhood pretending, are nonliving. Toys may be symptomatic of social deprivation, solitude, and isolation.

The Fish Spear Game

The fish spear game is a modification of the throwing stick game, and it teaches the children accuracy with the fish spear. Generally it is best to use just two spears—one for each group—to obviate spending a lot of time having each child make a spear. Generally the game is played in shallow, moving water. The children should be positioned in the water so they do not interfere with one another's spearing. Two targets are released simultaneously from upstream and all the children stalk to position, aim their spears, then try to spear the target. The children should only be allowed one thrust of the spear. The child, or team, that spears the most targets wins the game. I find the best targets for this game are old socks stuffed with leaves and a little mud to give them weight. You will find these targets float just beneath the surface and easily move with the current.

from 'Coming Home to the Pleistocene' by Paul Shepard

Summerhill might be defined as a school in which play is of the greatest importance. Why children and kittens play I do not know. I believe it is a matter of energy.

I am not thinking of play in terms of athletic fields and organized games; I am thinking of play in terms of fantasy. Organized games involve skill, competition, teamwork; but children's play usually requires no skill, little competition, and hardly any teamwork. Small children will play gangster games with shooting or sword play. Long before the motion picture era, children played gang games. Stories and movies will give a direction to some kind of play, but the fundamentals are in the hearts of all children of all races.

At Summerhill the six-year-olds play the whole day long—play with fantasy. To a small child, reality and fantasy are very close to each other. When a boy of ten dressed himself up as a ghost, the little ones screamed with delight; they knew it was only Tommy; they had seen him put on that sheet. But as he advanced on them, they one and all screamed in terror.

Small children live a life of fantasy and they carry this fantasy over into action. Boys of eight to fourteen play gangsters and are always bumping people off or flying the skies in their wooden airplanes. Small girls also go through a gang stage, but it does not take the form of guns and swords. It is more personal. Mary's gang objects to Nellie's gang, and there are rows and hard words. Boys' rival gangs are only play enemies. Small boys are thus more easy to live with than small girls.

I have not been able to discover where the borderline of fantasy begins and ends. When a child brings a doll a meal on a

tiny toy plate, does she really believe for the moment that the doll is alive? Is a rocking horse a real horse? When a boy cries "Stick 'em up" and then fires, does he think or feel that his is a real gun? I am inclined to think that children do imagine that their toys are real, and only when some insensitive adult butts in and reminds them of their fantasy do they come back to earth with a plop. No sympathetic parent will ever break up a child's fantasy.

Boys do not generally play with girls. Boys play gangsters, and play tag; they make huts in trees; they dig holes and trenches.

Girls seldom organize any play. The time-honored game of playing teacher or doctor is unknown among free children, for they feel no need to mimic authority. Smaller girls play with dolls; but older girls seem to get the most fun out of contact with people, not things.

We have often had mixed hockey teams. Card games and other indoor games are usually mixed.

Children love noise and mud; they clatter on stairs; they shout like louts; they are unconscious of furniture. If they are playing a game of touch, they would walk over the Portland Vase if it happened to be in their way—walk over it without seeing it.

Mothers, too often, do not play enough with their babies. They seem to think that putting a soft teddy bear in the carriage with the baby solves things for an hour or two, forgetting that babies want to be tickled and hugged.

Granting that childhood is playhood, how do we adults generally react to this fact? We *ignore* it. We forget all about it—because play, to us, is a waste of time. Hence we erect a large city school with many rooms and expensive apparatus for teaching; but more often than not, all we offer to the play instinct is a small concrete space.

One could, with some truth, claim that the evils of civilization are due to the fact that no child has ever had enough play. To put it differently, every child has been hothoused into an adult long before he has reached adulthood.

The adult attitude toward play is quite arbitrary. We, the old, map out a child's timetable: Learn from nine till twelve and then an hour for lunch; and again lessons until three. If a free child were asked to make a timetable, he would almost certainly give to play many periods and to lessons only a few.

Fear is at the root of adult antagonism to children's play. Hundreds of times I have heard the anxious query, "But if my boy plays all day, how will he ever learn anything; how will he ever pass exams?" Very few will accept my answer, "If your child plays all he wants to play, he will be able to pass college entrance exams after two years' intensive study, instead of the usual five, six, or seven years of learning in a school that discounts play as a factor in life."

But I always have to add, "That is—if he ever *wants* to pass the exams!" He may want to become a ballet dancer or a radio engineer. She may want to be a dress designer or a children's nurse.

Yes, fear of the child's future leads adults to deprive children of their right to play. There is more in it than that, however. There is a vague moral idea behind the disapproval of play, a suggestion that being a child is not so good, a suggestion voiced in the admonition to young adults, "Don't be a kid."

Parents who have forgotten the yearnings of their childhood—forgotten how to play and how to fantasy—make poor parents. When a child has lost the ability to play, he is psychically dead and a danger to any child who comes in contact with him.

Teachers from Israel have told me of the wonderful community centers there. The school, I'm told, is part of a community whose primary need is hard work. Children of ten, one

teacher told me, weep if—as a punishment—they are not allowed to dig the garden. If I had a child of ten who wept because he was forbidden to dig potatoes, I should wonder if he were mentally defective. Childhood is playhood; and any community system that ignores that truth is educating in a wrong way. To me the Israeli method is sacrificing young life to economic needs. It may be necessary; but I would not dare to call that system ideal community living.

It is intriguing, yet most difficult, to assess the damage done to children who have not been allowed to play as much as they wanted to. I often wonder if the great masses who watch professional football are trying to live out their arrested play interest by identifying with the players, playing by proxy as it were. The majority of our Summerhill graduates does not attend football matches, nor is it interested in pageantry. I believe few of them would walk very far to see a royal procession. Pageantry has a childish element in it; its color, formalism, and slow movement have some suggestion of toyland and dressed-up dolls. That may be the reason that women seem to love pageantry more than men do. As people get older and more sophisticated, they seem to be attracted less and less by pageantry of any kind. I doubt if generals and politicians and diplomats get anything out of state processions except boredom.

There is some evidence that children brought up freely and with the maximum of play do not tend to become mass-minded. Among old Summerhillians, the only ones who can easily and enthusiastically cheer in a crowd are the ones who came from the homes of parents with Communist leanings.





Children's Foraging Goals

The main characteristic of children's time allocation is prolonged leisure time. Most of this time is spent in play. Play activities include games of tag (especially at night during full moon), tug of war, gymnastics, dominoes, and *kiombiomy*. *Kiombiomy* is pretend oxcart; the team of

"oxen" are either two children (holding forked sticks to simulate the oxen's horns), two blocks of wood, two wild watermelons, or two rats, tied together. These pairs are tethered to another stick, melon, or block of wood to simulate the cart. Another popular play activity for children is digging holes in the sand, perhaps practice for *ovy* excavation. For girls, grooming and coiffing are popular preoccupations. Everyone enjoys listening and dancing to music played on to the cassette player or by wandering bands of minstrels.



Hic Rhodus! This is the place to jump!





The place to dance!

When then mother shares the experience, she also shares the thousand of generations of visions and insight, the wisdom that helped make her experience so meaningful, so frightfully profound. She doesn't apply chalk to a chalkboard. She doesn't write a textbook. She hops. She sings. She begins the "lurid dance," the "orgy" that will one day terrify the Christians.

Her cousins and nieces join in the dance. They let go, they abandon themselves to her songs, her motions. They too experience the greatest joy imaginable.

Against His-Story, Against Leviathan

- Fredy Perlman

Passionate Play.

by Willow

Primordial Soup Planet Primate



Paleolithic

Paradise

Pre-History

Predator

Prey

Plant

Propagation

Pastoralism

Patriarchy

Pigs

Priest

Prince

Police

Politicians

Private Property

Population

Pioneers

Production

Prisons

Pavement

Pollution

Plastic

Profit

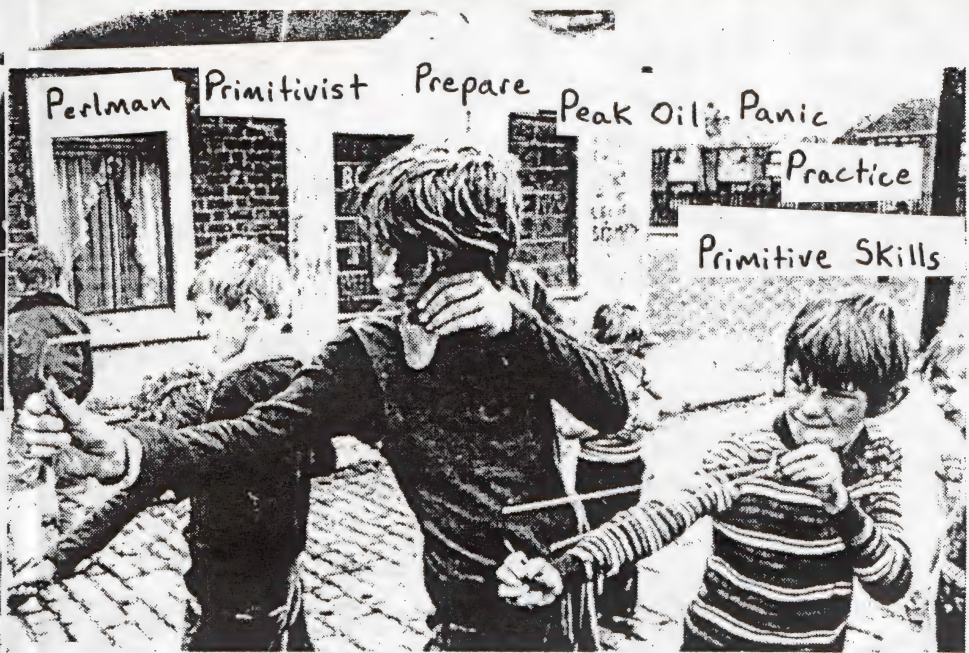
Privilege

Progress

Poverty

Pathology

Permutation



Pearlman

Primitivist

Prepare

Peak Oil

Panic

Practice

Primitive Skills

Plot

Plan

Primal War

Push

Post-Collapse



Pandemonium

Punk

Porslane

Pagan

Poetry

Polyamory

Plantain

Poultice

Poke

Permaculture

Pemmican

Possum

Passion

Paths

Possibilities

Paneroticism

Peace

here's a great idea you can use next time you're with a group of kids:

Give them each a single stick. Now ask them to break it. After they do, explain that the stick represents the "individual."

Now give one of them a bundle of sticks and ask him/her to break them.

After they give up trying, explain that the bundle represents the "group" (or tribe, band, collective, or community, etc)



Play among Baka Children in Cameroon

Nobutaka Kamei

Descriptions of Hunter-Gatherer Children's Play

Some researchers have mentioned children's activities in hunter-gatherer societies, including play. Two of the pioneers are Turnbull (1962) and Harako (1980), who studied the Mbuti foragers in the Ituri Forest of the Democratic Republic of Congo. Their ethnographies include some descriptions and analyses of children playing in forest camps.

Turnbull described such children's play as swings, climbing trees, bows and arrows, and net hunting, which he considered "the beginning of their schooling" (Turnbull 1962: 114). He argued that children's life as a long frolic "is all part of their training" and "one day they find that the games they have been playing are not games any longer, but the real thing, for they have become adults" (Turnbull 1962:114). Harako also found mimicry play such as hunting with bows and arrows, spears, and net (Harako 1980). He

argued that hunting play was a part of children's "unconsciously conducted" education (Harako 1980: 28).

There are some common findings and analyses in their works. Both of them found similarities between children's play and adult activities, especially hunting. Both of them also considered these similarities a mimicry of adult activities by children and considered these mimicry activities a part of education and training.

Other brief descriptions of children in ethnographies of hunting-gathering societies agree with these points (Aoyagi 1977; Sawada 1998; Takeuchi 1998; Yamamoto 1997).

Introduction of the Baka Hunter-Gatherers

In this chapter, the play of children of the Baka hunter-gatherers in the tropical forests of Africa is analyzed. The Baka, also called "Baka Pygmy," are an ethnic group who traditionally hunt and gather in the tropical forests of the Congo Basin in Central Africa (Althabe 1965; Bahuchet 1992; also see Chapter 17 by Hirasawa). During the dry season they live in simple huts in forest camps in order to hunt, gather, and fish. They have skills and knowledge to get and use wild resources for their food and material culture. The Baka people are famous for their traditional songs and dances with ritual spirits that are imagined to live in the forests (Tsuru 1998). We can observe the egalitarianism among them through the everyday food sharing and noncompetitive social relationships. Division of adults' labor by sex, such as hunting by men and gathering by women, is clearly observed. We seldom observe educational attitudes by adults toward children. Children more than four or five years old form groups with older children and spend most of their daytime hours with peers. Children not only stay in the settlements, but also go into the forest to conduct various kinds of activities including play. Adults seldom interfere with these activities.

Materials

Table 16.4 lists materials that are collected by children and mainly used for purposes of play. As can be seen, their toys are mainly made of plants. Only 11% of the children's toy materials (8 out of 72 types) come from adult material culture. Most items are shared and transmitted only among children. Indeed, they have affluent toy culture.

However, they share common characteristics with the attitude toward material culture of adult forest foragers, i.e., things are made with available materials and thrown away immediately after use (Tanno 1984).

Play Areas

Play areas are analyzed and categorized into three groups: forest, settlement, and schoolyard. Each area corresponds to particular kinds of play.

In the forest, we can observe tradition-oriented play such as foraging and making huts. The forest is also a place where the little ritual spirits mimicked by the children appear. This "forest" does not always mean the real forest, but the forest in the minds of the children. Young children often shout, "We are going to the forest!" when they actually intend to play within three to five meters of their settlement. However, it is exciting enough for them because the forest is a mysterious, potentially dangerous but attractive space with creatures for hunting and ample materials for toys.

In the settlement, children play house, especially cooking; they sing and dance (i.e., tradition-oriented play); and they play with subjects involving modern things like cars (i.e., modern-oriented play). The schoolyard is for competitive games of soccer and "masee", a group game played by girls. These seem to have diffused recently from children of other ethnic groups.

Distinguishing between *bele* (forests) and *bala* (settlements) is one of the most important spatial differentiations of Baka adults. On the other hand, the distinction between settlements and the schoolyard is one made and frequently used by children. It can be said that children take over adults' recognition of forests, whereas they create their own spatial recognition of school as a symbol of their own outer world.

Spirits of Play

While each kind of play has its own particular rules, some of the rules have common tendencies that can be called "spirits of play." Three spirits of play are found among Baka children as follows.

Aggressiveness. Aggressiveness is commonly found in many kinds of play. However, it is always toward wild creatures or something similar



Table 16.4 Materials Used for Baka Children's Play*

Names of Materials	(Baka)	Parts	Uses
(1) Plants of the forest			
<i>Raphia</i> spp.	(peke)	Leaf	Sash, cap, hairdressing item
		Midrib	Fishing rod, (outer part) arrow, spear, (inner part) toy car
<i>Landolphia</i> spp.	(ndembo)	Sap	Ball, balloon
<i>Megaphrynium</i> spp.	(ngongo)	Leaf	Roof of a hut
<i>Aframomum</i> spp.	(ujii)	Stem and leaves	Spear, frame of a hut, costume of spirits
Woods		Branch	Sticks of a trap, arc of a bow, frame of a hut, rollers of "motuka", pushcart
		Twig	Chopsticks, sticks of a drum, guitar
Grasses		Leaf (small)	Ingredient for playing cooking
		Leaf (large)	Cover of a trap, roof of a hut, pot for playing cooking, funnel, grass flute, bursting
Vines		Vine	String of a trap, bowstring, rope for a hut constructing, rope for a doll, eyeglasses, false breasts, item on torso, costume of spirits, string of a guitar, rope for a soccer ball, string of a pendulum
		Fruit	Filling nostrils
(2) Cultivated plants			
Papaya	(papaye)	Stem	Body of a gun, flute, miniature airplane
		Fruit	Target of shooting with spears
Cassava	(boma)	Stem (inner part)	Bullet of a gun
Sweet potato	(petete)	Vine and leaves	Costume of spirits
Yautia	(langa)	Leaf	Roof of a hut
		Stem	Toy radio
		Spadix	Toy fish
Plantain banana	(ndo)	Leaf	Roof of a hut, umbrella, costume of spirits, soccer ball, sword
		Finger	Toy car, (immature) miniature bunch
Grapefruit	(mboke)	Fruit	Ball for playing catch
Maize	(mbombo)	Cob	False breasts
		Husk	Playing with fire
(3) Animals			
Snake	(kpolo)	All the body	Fingering
Spider	(kpakpapi)	All the body	Sharing and playing cooking after hunting
Millipede	(ngongolo)	All the body	Weight of a pendulum
(4) Inanimate objects			
Can	(ngongo)	—	Pot
Paper	(mbopi)	—	Cigarette, drawing
Plastic bag	(sase)	—	Blindfold, resonator of a papaya flute
Stone	(timi)	—	Attacking animals, bullet of a slingshot, magic, cake for seller mimicking
Mud	(tolo)	—	Playing with mud

* This table lists materials that are (1) collected by children themselves and (2) mainly used for purposes of play. The table excludes (1) living animals (dogs for chasing, insects, lizards, birds, cocks, and mice for hunting, etc.); (2) living plants (leaves of oil palm trees as swings, stems of bananas as targets of bows and arrows, etc.); and (3) adult material culture (chairs and boards for car games, cloths to make bodies of dolls, etc.).

Terms in italics in the "Uses" column indicate material culture shared with adults (8 of 72 kinds of uses).

that fires children's imaginations as hunters. Animate creatures are victims, such as insects, lizards, birds, small mammals, and anything that crawls in the bush. Even inanimate objects like papayas rolling on the ground and dead snakes become their ready targets.

Noncompetitiveness. Most kinds of play do not include competitive rules, for the targets of aggressiveness are usually wild creatures and not their peers. Competitive rules are found in three kinds of games. "Masee" and soccer are played with children of other ethnic groups in the schoolyard. "Songo", an African board game, was introduced by adults from outside Baka society and children often join this game. It seems that Baka children do not invent new competitive games themselves. However, it is also true that children do enjoy playing these competitive games repeatedly (Tables 16.1 and 16.2).

Egalitarianism. Baka children often share things equally that they have caught during play. In one episode of play cooking, for example, a eight-year-old boy shot a spider while hunting with a bow. He pulled apart his "game" and carefully shared the parts for three participants, including me, the researcher. He divided the eight legs into three groups and made up the difference with the cephalothorax, which he divided into two pieces. The abdomen was thrown away because it is "inedible" (see Figure 16.2). This episode makes clear that children exactly recognize adult food-sharing activities and mimic them in their play.

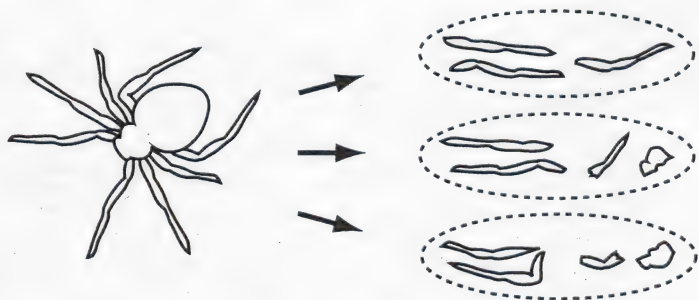


Figure 16.2. "Egalitarianism" in the play of spider sharing. An eight-year-old boy pulled apart his "game", a spider, and carefully shared the parts with three participants. He divided the eight legs into three groups and made up the difference with the cephalothorax, which was divided into two pieces. The abdomen was thrown away because it is "inedible."



Figure 16.1. Play of ngbasa (safari). Four Baka boys walking around in the forest as hunters with spears. Ages 8-9, 6, 8, 13-14 (from left to right, estimated). In this hunting session, they succeeded in getting a papaya fruit, but they lost their dog.

I try to compare the spirit of this play to that of adult activities. Aggressive attitudes toward animals are similar to those of adult hunters. Lack of competitiveness is one of the characteristics of hunting-gathering societies. Egalitarianism, as typified by food sharing, is another. These similarities support the idea that the spirit of children's play is based on the traditional nature of hunting-gathering societies. However, it is also important to note that children also enjoyed competitive games.

It is interesting to notice the origin of these similarities, however. Egalitarianism is actualized by an exact mimicry of adult food sharing, whereas aggressiveness toward objects is derived from the elements extracted from attacking behaviors, for children are excited not as mimickers but as real attackers. Noncompetitiveness is linked to the relative lack of modes of and opportunities for competitive games.

Involvement and Roles

The last analysis is on gender differences in level of involvement and in the roles assumed. For each activity observed more than twice, the levels of involvement by boys and girls are shown in Table 16.1.

Some kinds of play are unisex. Hunting, fishing with rods, cooking, and most kinds of play involving cars are played mainly by boys, while fish bailing, and making huts, dolls, and miniature bunches of bananas is done mainly by girls.

Other kinds of joint play by both boys and girls include play with fixed gender roles and gender-free play. Examples of the former are mouse-hunting (boys are hunters; girls are the beaters who flush out the game), making a hut (girls construct; boys lie inside), and "be", traditional dances (boys drum; girls sing; infants dance as "forest spirits"). Other examples of gender-free play are some kinds of playing house, "songo", an African board game, and "motuka", play involving cars.

With reference to adults, unisex kinds of play obviously reflect the division of labor by sex among Baka adults. Similar situations are found in play with fixed gender roles. We find that children use lots of elements of adult activities almost in the appropriate manner for each gender. It is interesting to note that some of the gender-free play does not have as background the activities of Baka adults, such as cars and board games.

SARDINES



(a.k.a. inverted hide-n-go seek)

to start the game one person hides and the rest of the players scramble around looking for the hidden person.

when any seeker finds the hider they squeeze into their hiding place. this goes on for a while, so after a bit only a few seekers are left and the rest of the players are packed together like a bunch of sardines. the last person to find the wad of people becomes the hider and the game can start over.



ollyollyoxenfree! is full of cool games you can use at your next gathering of friends. three issues have been put out so far. to order email: skirtfrompants@yahoo.com




#1

a d.i.y. game 'zine

Deadly Fall

"Not enough people realize that anarchy is about laughter..."

- Kevin Tucker



My son and I had spent the morning making our way along the dry creek bed looking for a large, flat Rock for our first experiment with a Deadfall. As I would dig them out and lift them up, surveying them over, he would marvel at the exposed life underneath that exploded forth upon being uncovered. An entire universe of insect life, one that I regrettably too often overlook, held him captive. I was far too fixed on finding the "perfect Rock" and getting the "project" underway (another primitive skill I could check-off my list?) that I missed a beautiful chance to be in the moment - Alive! - with bugs crawling up my arms, like he was. Nonetheless, I was still able to experience an ancient skill that resonated within my bones, even if only for an afternoon. None of the Rocks I had found had been any bigger than a shoebox, and as I sat on a large concrete slab (dumped into the creek after the road had been widened to build the subdivision) watching my son talk to a Stag Beetle, I suddenly realized that only focusing on a Rock had severely limited the possibilities and directions I could take. Hell, why not a concrete slab? In a post-collapse world the crumbled ruins of a fallen empire will be everywhere. Roads will become broken up as burdock and milk thistle grow through them. Cracked apartment buildings covered in ivy and kudzu will cave in. Office towers will deteriorate and fall over making way for walnut trees to emerge. The rubble and debris will be entwined with laurel, bamboo, and comfrey. I awkwardly hefted an enormous slab out of the creek and stumbled over to a level spot in the grass, letting it drop with a deep *thud*.

Next I gathered some pieces of cherry wood (found in a slash pile) to use for the Lever and Post. I already had a piece of bamboo to use for the Bait Stick and a bit of string

substituted for the Cordage. We sat down in the shade of a black locust on an old, rotting railroad tie which allowed my son to examine the hundreds of ants which scurried about frantically, while I studied the step-by-step diagrams from a book. I had approached the occasion with the egotistical stance of *I shall teach him*, while he - although excited about the prospect of setting up his first Deadfall - was just as excited about the ants. In retrospect, I should have taken time to learn from him as well. Instead of fashioning myself as the expert that taught downward, I could have engaged in a mutually respectful relationship of both of us learning from one another. Didn't Thoreau describe, in minute detail, how he stopped to watch the battle between the Red and Black ants?

Taking my knife, I whittled the Lever to a point and laid it into the V-shaped notch I had cut into the Post. The Cordage was tied to the end of the Lever on one end and on the middle of the Trigger Pin on the other, providing the necessary tension (once joined with the Bait Stick) that should ultimately hold up the Rock. The tricky part, I was about to discover, was getting the Rock to stay up. Calling my son to come over, I explained the individual parts and their functions, and how each part - no matter how small - is equally vital. The wind had died down a little and for once there seemed to be no noticeable traffic in the distance. We moved everything over into the direct sunlight and began the long process towards a working Deadfall. My son helped me steady the concrete slab while I attempted to arrange everything, making minor adjustments and fine-tuning the delicate balance of the device. Together we gently lowered the slab onto the tip of the Lever, which immediately began to wobble. I steadied it with one hand while attempting to rig the Bait Stick with the other. And then it happened. The contraption collapsed leaving my right hand to absorb the entire weight of the concrete. "Holy Fuck!" I yelled, sending all the birds fleeing which caused the trees to shake vigorously in the process. I glance at my son whose wearing the biggest damn grin I had ever seen. I lift up the slab and pull out my throbbing hand, with fresh cuts across the

knuckles and joints, and hold it for a second while it pulsates. Slowly the blood begins to manifest at the surface. I look at him again. The grin has turned into a huge smile and a noticeable attempt to suppress his laughter. I manage to smile and mutter, "Now imagine my hand was a mouse or a squirrel."

Second attempt. This time I have him steady the Lever/Post while I hold the slab and fiddle with the Trigger. The long bamboo Bait Stick initially stays, but as I carefully move my hand away from it, it quickly slips and once again my hand gets crushed. "Goddammit!" This time he cannot hold it back and just as the echoes of my frustration die down they are replaced by his deep laughter. "Well, I'm glad you're at least having a good time," I joke with him. We try again. This time however, I place the Rock too close to the end of the Lever, and before I can even set the pin, the Post slides out from underneath it and again the slab comes crashing down. Only this time I managed to jerk my hand away just enough to allow only the tips of my fingers to get pinched. And he is giggling his little ass off.

Once again, I cautiously construct the apparatus, delicately placing everything in place. We slowly lower the Rock down, I position the Bait Stick and Trigger, and brace myself for the coming impact. And then....nothing happens. It stays up. We both are silent and gaze over our first Deadfall with astonishment. It truly is a beautiful sight. None of the abstract moral arguments I used to make during my vegetarian/vegan years arose. Neither did any arguments for the "rights" of animals I once made during my time as a self-identified "activist." As a matter of fact, I wasn't thinking at all. I was feeling. I could feel deep inside me that what my son and I were doing was continuing a process that took generations to perfect. We were remembering something that took us a step closer on our journey to who we are and a step away from mediated existence. A step away from the alienation of our food, our subsistence. And it felt amazing.

He came over and stood next to me as I gave him a hug

- my bloody hand resting on his shoulder. While we talked about placement, camouflage, types of bait and such, he ran and found a long stick which we used to set off the trap. "Can we use it now?" he wondered excitedly. "Well," I hesitated, "let's set it up a few more times to make sure we have it down pat." And this time, arrogantly expecting it to stay up (now that I had it mastered, of course) it immediately collapsed and smacked my knuckles. And again and again. Four times until I managed to have it set properly again. And for some reason the sight of seeing his father curse and swear in pain shaking his hand about, never seemed to grow old to my son. It actually became funnier with each mishap. And as he laughed, his chuckles reverberated outward and became harmonized with the birdcalls, insect chirps, and tree sways carried on the breeze. And it was then I realized that not only is laughter the best medicine, but it is also one hell of a balm. Especially for a bruised ego.

-whippoorwill

Suggested Readings for Deadfalls:

Woodsmoke: Collected Writings on Ancient Living Skills by Richard and Linda Jamison (pgs.209-223)

Primitive Technology II: Ancestral Skills - Edited by David Westcott (pgs.37-46)

Survival Arts of the Primitive Paiutes - Margaret M. Wheat (pgs. 69-73)

Primitive Living, Self-Sufficiency, and Survival Skills: A Field Guide to Primitive Living Skills - Thomas J. Elpel (pg.158)

"Naked into the Wilderness" Primitive Wilderness Living and Survival Skills - John and Geri McPherson (pgs.152-182)



Havasupai Indian girls playing stick dice; Arizona;

Read, Margaret. Children of their Fathers: Growing Up Among the Ngoni of Malawi

PLAY PLACES AND PLAYTHINGS

In spite of what appeared like a somewhat restrictive regime, Ngoni children were merry and busy all their waking hours. Occasionally, lack of health or an awkward temperament produced a child who sat around by himself, or glowered at other children, or was spiteful and vindictive. For the most part their nurse girls and older sisters paid them the attention they demanded, were always ready to provide distractions and amusements, and showed them how to use all that lay around them as playthings.

The places where they played depended on their age and mobility. The youngest children stayed around the hut and inside the fence. Sometimes in the afternoons the nurse girls and older sisters took them to a "playground" on the outskirts of the village, where the older girls were accustomed to meet and practice dancing, or to thread beads and chatter. When the harvest was in, some of the older children about five and six years old, helped by the nurse girls, made "play houses" among the maize stalks, tying the stalks together to make conical shelters. There they played house, pretending to cook and pound. But the enthusiasm for these playhouses was short-lived, and on the whole the children and their nurse girls preferred to be in the village where they could see and hear what was going on. The older boys in this age-group seldom went to the playground, and pursued their games in the open spaces of the village.

The small girls had "dolls" which they treated as little babies. Sometimes it was a maize cob tucked into a bit of cloth and carried on their backs. More realistic dolls were made of a bundle of reeds tied together with the hard round shell of a fruit fitted on top and painted with eyes, nose, and mouth. Older girls made these dolls for the little ones, and showed them how to feed the doll from a tiny gourd and taught them lullabies to sing while they joggled the dolls on their back or nursed them on their lap.

Little boys had a wider range of toys, made for them by older brothers and

quickly copied by the children themselves. They made windmills from maize sheaths which twisted on a stick as they ran. They had hoops of bamboo peelings, trundled with a notched stick, and a small round solid wooden wheel with a hole in it which they pushed with a long-handled crook. They had tops of wood and whipped them with lengths of bark rope. They were forever collecting scraps of iron from wherever men were working. These they sharpened on stones, and used as knives, or bound them to a haft, as a little axe, with fragments of skin which they scrounged



Boys learning to make fire.

when a shield was being cut, or an ox flayed. The small boys were the tinkers of the village, collecting whatever scrap they thought they could use, and hiding it each in his own safe and secret place, and fighting savagely if anyone robbed a secret store. Many boys spent hours making clay figures, men, cattle, monkeys, dogs, and there were certain conventions which allowed little variety governing their style and shape. Sometimes they drew, or "wrote" as they said, in the sand more conventional figures of men and animals which are reproduced on p. 44. Their ingenuity in the use of local materials was boundless, and led later to remarkably accurate scale models of lorries and airplanes made from pith, bamboo, and thorns.

Most of the games such as tops and hoops were seasonal. They appeared suddenly in the village, lasted for a few weeks, and then ceased as abruptly as they had begun. A perennial amusement among Ngoni boys of five to seven was playing at law courts. They sat round in traditional style with a "chief" and his elders facing the court, the plaintiffs and defendants presenting their case, and the counsellors



Small boys learning to dance, with father looking on.

conducting proceedings and cross-examining witnesses. In their high squeaky voices the little boys imitated their fathers whom they had seen in the courts, and they gave judgments, imposing heavy penalties, and keeping order in the court with ferocious severity. Another game which the boys of five and seven enjoyed was a form of tug-of-war, two gangs pulling on a bark rope, until one gave way, with shouting, whistling and a final cry: "The strong ones. They prevail."

In the dry season which was the dancing season children from three and four years upwards spent hours watching the older boys and girls dancing. On the edge of the main group small boys particularly would practice steps and postures with intense solemnity and exaggerated movements, singing meanwhile. The Ngoni used no drums and no musical instruments in their dancing, and despised the users of drums. All their rhythm and synchrony was achieved by perfect unison of action and voice. The little boys practicing solo on the edge of a dance group listened intently every now and then to get the rhythm correctly, shifted their feet, and stamped with the rest.

Now and then the little girls were collected together by older girls, and sometimes joined by the boys, to play games of catch and various miming games such as choosing a lover, hen and chickens, slave-raiding, baboons in the maize gardens. These were accompanied by songs in which the leader, or "owner," of the game sang the story and the rest joined in the refrains. Many of these miming games called for alertness and cooperation, and the slow and solitary were soon shown up and laughed at. Another set of songs with refrains were ballads or stories without action, and these were listened to by the hour by the younger children toward the end of the day, especially if the singer of the ballad was a lively narrator.

Girl children of this younger age-group spent a lot of their time watching adults and older girls doing their household work. In time they learned to imitate the actions of pounding and grinding, using a small pole or a stone, of sweeping with a frayed-out stalk, of winnowing or sieving with a little basket, or ladling food with a tiny wooden spoon. When they went to the gardens with their mother, they were given a small branch to carry home on their heads for the fire. Later the little girls had a tiny pot put on their head, perched on a miniature grass carrying-ring and went to the water hole with their nurse girl to fill it and carry it home without spilling the water.

Another incident was full of revelation for me, though it happened after many months of familiarity with the Yequana's casual attitude toward being doctored. Awadahu, Anchu's second son, who was about nine, arrived alone at my hut with a wound in his abdomen. It turned out not to be dangerously deep, but at first glance I was afraid of the harm it might do in so vulnerable a spot. "Nehkuhmuhduh?"—What was it?—I asked.

"Shimada," he said politely—An arrow.

"Amahday?"—Yours?—I pursued.

"Katawehu," he said, naming his ten-year-old brother with as much emotion as if I had asked him the name of a flower.

As I worked on the frightening-looking wound, Katawehu and some other boys stopped in to see what I was doing. There was no evidence of guilt in Katawehu, or any of anger in Awadahu. It was simply an accident. Their mother came up, asked what had happened, and was told in brief terms that her eldest son had shot an arrow into her second son at the riverbank.

"Yeheduhmuh?" she said softly—Really?


Before I finished, she had left the group of onlookers to continue about her chores. Her son was being looked after without having called upon her; there was no need for her to stay. The only person who was at all worried was I. What had been done had been done; the best care available was being given and there was no need even for the other boys to wait until I had finished before running off again to play. Awadahu needed no moral support, and when I had put the last plaster on, he went back to the river to join them.

His mother assumed that if he needed her he would have come to her, and she was available for any such eventuality.

My mentioning these incidents might give a false impression that the Yequana have many accidents. By comparison with their American middle-class contemporaries they have remarkably few. It is no coincidence that those Americans are perhaps the most carefully protected children in history as regards external safeguards, and are therefore the least *expected* to know how to look after themselves.

A case in point is one of a family I heard of who were nervous of the danger their swimming pool presented to their small child. The idea was not that the pool would rise up and swallow the child, but that the child might, as well as not, fall or throw himself into the pool. They had a fence built around the pool and kept its gate locked.

Very possibly the logical mind of the child (not the part




that reasons), assisted by explanations from his parents, grasped the suggestion of the fence and the locked gate. He comprehended so well what was expected of him that, finding the gate open one day, he entered, fell into the pool, and drowned.

When I heard this story, which was told me to show that children need constant guarding from their own ability to harm themselves, I could not help thinking of that pit in the compound at Wanania where the children played unsupervised all day without incident. These two isolated cases do not mean much, of course, but they do represent quite accurately a difference in the two cultures. There are many more potentially dangerous situations among the Yequana. One of the most striking is the omnipresence of machetes and knives, all razor sharp, and all available to step on, fall against, or play with. Babies, too young to have learned about handles, picked them up by the blades and, as I watched, waved them about in their dimpled fists. They not only did not sever their own fingers or injure themselves at all, but if they were in their mother's arms, they managed to miss hurting her either.

Similarly, a baby playing with a firebrand, stumbling and falling with it, and climbing in and out of his house with it over a foot-high doorsill, never actually touched the wood or the overhanging palm thatch, nor his own hair or anyone else's. Babies, like puppies, played about beside the family fire without interference from their respective elders.

The boys, from the age of about eighteen months, practiced archery with sharp arrows, some enthusiasts carrying their bow and arrows about most of their waking hours. Shooting was not confined to designated places, nor were any "safety rules" in effect. In my two and a half years there I saw only the one arrow wound I have mentioned.

There are the hazards of the jungle, including the great ease with which one can lose oneself in its trackless vastness and the chances of injuring one's bare feet and naked body



while walking, besides more noted dangers like snakes, scorpions, or jaguars.

And there are the rivers, in which rapids are even more frequent and perilous than anacondas or crocodiles, and a child swimming farther out in the current than his strength and ability allow has a good chance of being smashed on the rocks or against one of many submerged branches. The depth and swiftness of a familiar part of the river vary enormously from day to day according to the amount of rainfall upstream, so knowing the dangers one day may not be useful the next. The children who bathe and play in the river every day must gauge their ability accurately under all conditions.

The operative factor seems to be placement of responsibility. The machinery for looking after themselves, in most Western children, is in only partial use, a great deal of the burden having been assumed by adult caretakers. With its characteristic abhorrence of redundancy, the continuum withdraws as much self-guardianship as is being taken over by others. The result is diminished efficiency because no one can be as constantly or as thoroughly alert to anyone's circumstances as he is to his own. It is another instance of trying to better nature; another example of mistrust of faculties not intellectually controlled, and usurpation of their functions by the intellect, which does not have the capacity to take all relevant information into consideration.

Besides causing civilized children to have more accidents, this propensity of ours to interfere with nature's placement of responsibility where it works best also gives rise to innumerable other hazards. A notable example is the accidental setting of fires.

In a midwestern American city one winter not long ago, there was a blizzard that completely stopped traffic, and therefore the movement of fire engines, for several days. Accustomed to dealing with an average of forty-odd fires a day, the fire chief appeared on television to beg people to take care

not to start fires during the emergency. He advised them that they would have to cope with any fires themselves. As a consequence, the daily average dropped to four fires, until the streets were cleared, at which time the number increased to normal.

It cannot be imagined that many of the forty normal daily fires were set on purpose, but those who accidentally brought them about were evidently aware that great care was not really necessary when the fire brigade was quick and efficient. Apprised of the change in placement of responsibility, they unconsciously cut the figure by 90 percent.

Similarly, Tokyo, the world's largest city, has a permanently smaller percentage of fires than most large cities, apparently because many of the houses are built of wood and paper and fire would spread in certain quarters with disastrous speed, while the fire-fighting equipment would have exceptional difficulty in moving through the very crowded streets. The citizens are familiar with the conditions and behave accordingly.

This placement of responsibility is an aspect of expectation, the force that can be seen to assert its power in so much of child and adult behavior. How could we be described as social creatures if we did not have a strong proclivity for behaving as we feel we are expected to?

For anyone trying to apply continuum principles in civilized life, this changeover to trust in children's self-protecting ability will be one of the most difficult problems. We are so unaccustomed to it that leaving our children to their own devices, on the theory that they will be better off without our vigilance, is more than many people could do. Most of us would at least steal apprehensive glances at them, risking being caught at it and having the look taken for an expectation of inefficiency. And what would give us the faith necessary to let a baby play with a really sharp knife, the faith the Yequana come by through long experience? It is not their experience of babies with knives, for the introduction of metal has been very recent, but familiarity with the ability of babies to sense the subtlest

factors in their surroundings and conduct themselves safely among them.

We have no choice but to find our way back to that knowledge common to the Yequana and our own ancestors, *through* the use of the intellect. It will not be very different from asking oneself to go to church and pray for belief in God; one would have to do one's best to act as though one believed first. Some will be better actors and actresses than others.

Language is the newest of the major developments in the amazing catalog of animal capabilities. The ability to form a succession of concepts of increasing complexity is reflected in the verbal abilities of a developing child. His view of the universe, and the relationship of Self to Other, necessarily changes with that development and his time-conditioned concept of time.

As a consequence, there is a conceptual gap between age groups. Notwithstanding the recent fashion for talking things over and "reasoning" with children, there remains a quite unbridgeable gulf between what is meant or understood by the six-year-old in his universe and what is meant or understood by a thirty-year-old in his. Language is of limited value in their association.

Among the Yequana it is interesting to note that there is only a very basic "Wait here" or "Hand me that" sort of verbal communication between adults and children. There is a stratified system of conversation that consists of total verbal exchanges by children of approximately the same age with diminishing communication as age differs. There is minimal chat between the boys and the girls whose lives and interests are so very different from one another's and seldom, even as adults, do they seem to have occasion for long talks between the sexes.

When adults converse, children generally listen. They do not talk among themselves. At no time is a person of any age called upon to use a false point of view as we and our children do when speaking with one another. Yequana adults say any-

thing they have to say in front of the children and the children listen, comprehending the proceedings according to their abilities. When the time comes for a child to join the adults, he has grown to understand their speech and patterns and point of view at his own pace, without the necessity of having to discredit a series of patterns and points of view concocted by them for children.

Each age group grasps the conceptual structures appropriate to its development, following in the footsteps of the children a little older than themselves until they have a full complement of verbal thought forms able to take in adult views and the whole content that has been available to them since their infancy.

Our own system, of trying to guess what or how much a child's mind can take in, results in cross-purposes, misunderstanding, disappointments, anger, and a general loss of harmony. The disastrous custom of teaching children that "good" will always be rewarded and "evil" always punished, that promises are always kept, that grownups never tell lies, and so on, not only necessitates slapping them down later for being "unrealistic" and "immature" if they have by chance gone on believing the nursery fictions, but also creates a sense of disillusionment that usually applies itself to their upbringing in general and what they *believed* to be the culture they were expected to follow. The results are confusion about how to behave, as the basis for action is snatched away, and suspicion of anything else their culture tells them.

Again it is the intellect trying to "decide" what a child can understand, when the continuum way simply permits the child to absorb what he can from the total verbal environment, which is undistorted and unedited. It is impossible to hurt the mind of a child with concepts it cannot understand as long as that mind is allowed to leave what it cannot digest. But taking a child by the shoulders and trying to force him to understand can create a sad conflict between what he can comprehend and what he feels is expected of him. Allowing

children to listen freely and understand what they can eliminates any suggestion about how much is expected and obviates that ruinous conflict.

While Yequana girls spend their childhood with other girls and women, participating from the first in their work at home or in the gardens, boys run about together most of the time; their fathers can only allow them to come along on suitable occasions. In the meantime, the little boys are shooting a thousand shots at grasshoppers, or later at little birds, while a man out hunting may shoot only once or twice all day, giving little chance for a boy to develop his skill, except at finding and retrieving game.

Both boys and girls go swimming almost every day. In canoeing, too, they are expert incredibly early, guiding heavy dugouts through tricky currents and rapids sometimes with no one in the crew over six or seven years old. Boys and girls often paddle canoes together. There is no sort of taboo on their association, only a usual lack of coincidence of activities.

At the same time, each Yequana child, free of the need for reassurance, is well able to do things on his or her own. Fishing is often done alone by a member of either sex, child or adult. Basketry and weapon making and repairing are done by boys and men, working alone. Hammering the teeth into cassava graters, weaving armbands or hammocks, and cooking are done by women and girls, very often in solitude, or with only an infant as companion.

But the Yequana never permit themselves to suffer boredom or loneliness. The great majority of their time is spent in the company of their peers. Men often hunt and do certain kinds of fishing, some stages of canoe making, and house building together. They go on trading trips in groups, and several at a time slash and burn the areas where they plan their gardens. Women and girls walk to the gardens and go through the processes of making cassava, fetching water and firewood, and so on, in groups. Boys practice shooting arrows and blowing darts, play games, swim, fish, explore or gather food, usually

in groups. Men, women, girls, boys, or families, when doing things together, all talk a great deal with high spirits and good humor. Laughter is impressively frequent and the young men often whoop joyously in chorus at the end of a good story, piece of news, or joke. This party atmosphere is the everyday norm. Their parties, in fact, cannot do much to improve on the customary high level of fun.

One of the most striking differences between the Yequana and any other children I have seen is that the former neither fight nor argue among themselves. There is no competitiveness, and leadership is established on the initiative of the followers. In the years I spent with them, I never saw a child argue with another, much less fight. The only angry words I did hear were very rare bursts of impatience from an adult with a child who had done something undesirable. There was then a little tirade of complaint hurled at him as he stood looking concerned or hurried to mend the error, and no grudge kept when the matter was put right, by the child or by the adult.

Although I have seen many a party at which every Yequana, man, woman, and child, was drunk, I have never seen even the beginnings of an altercation, which makes one think that they really are as they look—in harmony with one another and happily at home in their own skins.

"The little boys would gather together from the different bands of the tribe and fight each other with mud balls that they threw with willow sticks. And the big boys played the game called Throwing-Them-Off-Their-Horses, which is a battle all but the killing; and sometimes they got hurt. The horsebacks from the different bands would line up and charge upon each other, yelling; and when the ponies came together on the run they would rear and flounder and scream in a big dust, and the riders would seize each other, wrestling until one side had lost all its men, for those who fell upon the ground were counted dead.

When I was older, I, too often played this game. We were always naked when we played it, just as warriors are when they go into battle if it is not too cold, because they are swifter without clothes. Once I fell on my back right in the middle of a bed of prickly pears, and it took my mother a long while to pick all the stickers out of me. I was still too little to play that summer, but I can remember watching the other boys, and I thought that when we all grew up and were big together, maybe we could kill all the Wasichus or drive them far away from our country."

Black Elk Speaks - John G. Neihardt



Owls & Crows

THIS is an excellent game for reviewing newly-learned concepts. Divide the group into two equal teams, the Owls and the Crows. Line up the two teams facing each other, about two feet apart. About 15 feet behind each team, draw another line for Home Base. The leader makes a statement aloud, and if the statement is true the Owls chase the Crows, trying to catch them before they reach their Home Base. If the statement is false, the Crows chase the Owls. Anyone caught must join the other team.

If the answer isn't obvious to the players, you'll get

some of the Owls and Crows running toward each other, and others running back to their Home Bases. During the pandemonium, the leader should remain silent and neutral. When the action has calmed down, he can reveal the correct answer.

Here are some sample statements: Sensory: *"The wind is coming from behind the Crows."* Conceptual: *"A deciduous tree keeps its leaves all year long."* Observational: (after showing them a leaf) *"The leaf had five points and five veins."* Identification: *"This seed comes from an oak tree."*

from 'Sharing Nature with Children'

by Joseph Cornell

Still Hunting

STILL-HUNTING was practiced by the American Indians. A brave who wanted to still-hunt would go to a place he knew well and felt attracted to. There, in the forest or on a hillside, he would sit down and let his mind settle into a still and watchful mood. If his arrival had caused a disturbance among the creatures around him, he waited patiently until the world of nature returned to its normal, harmonious routine. Usually, his only desire in still-hunting was to observe and to learn.

When you go still-hunting, let your sitting-place

choose you. You may be intuitively guided to a specific place in order to learn a certain lesson. For the first part of your stay remain motionless, not even turning your head. Be unobtrusive as you can, letting the world around you go on as it does when you aren't there. Feel that you are part of the natural surroundings; mentally move with the shimmering leaves, or dance with the butterfly as it darts and dodges through the air. Because you are still, curious animals may come close for a look at you. I was once approached from behind by a mysterious animal that made strange p-thumping noises as it moved. When the beast had come to within about seven feet, my courage flagged and I quickly turned my head. Off into the bushes fled that vicious predator, the cottontail rabbit!

Sharing private experiences with friends after a still-hunt brings a group closer together. Each still-hunter can tell about a plant or animal he has seen, and the qualities he felt it exemplified. Another good way to share still-hunting experiences is for each child to act out for the others something he saw, or a feeling he had, while sitting. The others try to tune in to the deeper mood of what he is saying. The tone of these sharing times should always be respectful and sensitive, if real communication of feelings and experiences is to happen.

Predator- Prey

THIS GAME introduces food chains and the way they work in nature. In an open clearing, form a circle about 15 feet across. Blindfold two of the children and have them stand in the circle. Ask one of the children to name a predator that lives in the area, and ask the other child to name a prey. The predator tries to catch his prey by listening for him, then tracking him down and tagging him. If either animal goes too near the edge of the circle, the children tap him twice. Stress the need for silence while the game is in progress, and have the players make things more realistic by imitating the animals they've chosen to be. For variety, experiment with different numbers of predators and prey. Put bells on some of the animals, forcing them to modify their strategy of hunting or of avoiding capture. If your predator is not as bold as he could be, and interest is lagging, tighten up the circle, bringing the predator and his prey closer together.

A GOOD TIME to play Camouflage is on the way home from a night hike; but you can also play it on those wonderful summer evenings when dusk is just turning to nightfall.

Divide the group into two teams, hiders and searchers.

The hiders scatter along a designated section of trail. How close to the trail they will hide depends on the brightness of the moon and whether or not the searchers have flashlights. Since each hider's whole body must be in full view from at least one point along the trail, they will have to try to blend with the profiles of natural objects around them to remain unseen.

The American Indian hunter, who sometimes donned camouflage costume for the purpose, also tried to think like and enter into the consciousness of the animal or object he was impersonating. He knew that the deer, bear, or bird he hunted could detect his presence not just with its eyes, nose, and ears, but with an ability to "sense" a man's presence. The hiders can try to tune in to this intuitive faculty, which we humans also have, by trying to feel that they are a natural part of the objects around them; and the searchers can try to sense a foreign presence among the rocks and leaves. As soon as all the searchers pass by him (they should travel close together), each hider can reveal himself.

Tree Silhouettes

Camouflage

FIND A PLACE WHERE several different kinds of trees are growing. One child shapes his body to look like a particular species and the other children try to guess what kind of tree he is. A group can also play this game by dividing up into teams: a whole team can portray a tree, or the group can choose a member who most resembles the species they want to represent.

You can vary the game by impersonating animals, or you can leave it open, with the condition that the object must be something in nature — no sports cars or dump trucks, please! This game helps the members of a group feel comfortable with each other, and also develops dramatic skills.

"Yeah, we swung on tree limbs. We didn't have any vines. That's rough playin'. That's why I said we played rough back then. You had to be tough; you had to be tough to live. The games you played - you'd get skinned up in a minute - so you learned to accept the blood when it runs out. You just wiped it off with a leaf and went on. We'd pull a small sapling down and get on that thing and the tree would be stronger than you. You'd get on it and that tree would go back up and then here you'd go up in there just a flyin'. I don't know why we didn't ever get hurt more." - Elizabeth Dubose

"We used to play bending out trees at school. One boy climbed up a pretty good-sized sapling way up in the air and couldn't get back down. The teacher had sent us to get some wood down there where he was stuck. We had an ax there and he was a swinging up there hollering, "what am I gonna

do?" I just grabbed that ax and hacked that tree and down he came. He hit flat of his back and it knocked him out." - Roy York

"The way that's played is you get out in the woods where there are long tall white oaks, because they will bend and won't break and about three will climb up to the top of that white oak tree; just keep getting higher and higher up into that tree. When they get up there to where it will begin to bend, then they will all ride it down to the ground and it'll make a great big bow, and they all hold it down there, then one gets to ride it back up. As it goes on up you will just nearly slang off anyway because you have to hold backwards. See you're on the backside of the tree and you just have to hold on or it'll slang you off from up there. Sling you off like a rock." - Fred Kelly

"Oh yeah, in May there'd be the most June Bugs. We'd catch them and tie a string to 'em and hold 'em and let 'em fly. Sometimes they'd get away from us, but, you know, that was a mean trick. We shouldn't have done that. The Lord put them on this earth for something, he didn't put them here to be tied with strings, I don't think." - Nora Garland

Bladder Balloon: "You get it [hog bladder] while it's still fresh and soft. Get you a piece of cane like grows on the creek bank, like a fishin' cane I sued to fish a lot with. Where that bladder empties, it's holler, you know. You open it up enough to push that cane up in there. And you take the end of the cane and put to your mouth and you keep blowin' in the bladder. They small like that, but they get way on up that big. It'll come a strong bitter smell, but you just work it stretch it,. You get it full, you tie off the end where you put the air in. tie it off with string. I remember me and some boys playin', knocking that thing around like it was a ball or balloon. I don't remember how long they'll keep. They'll dry out after a while" - Johnny Eller

"Since the aim to which every Siriono male aspires is to be an excellent hunter, young boys get an early education, through play, in the art of the chase. Before a boy is three months of age his father has made him a miniature bow and arrows which, although he will not be able to use them for several years, are symbolic of his adult role as a hunter. By the time a boy is three years of age he is already pulling on some kind of a bow, and with his companions he spends many pleasant hours shooting his weapons at any non-living target that strikes his fancy. As he grows older and more skillful with his bow, he begins to select living targets, such as butterflies and insects, and when his marksmanship is perfected he is encouraged to stalk woodpeckers and other birds that light on branches near the house. Consequently, by the time a boy is eight he has usually bagged some game animal, albeit only a small bird.

Like young boys, girls too, thorough play, get an early exposure to some of the household tasks which they have to perform when they are adults. As the bow symbolizes the hunting role of the boy, so the spindle symbolizes the spinning role of the girl. Before a girl is three years of age her father has made her a miniature spindle with which she practices the art of spinning as she matures.

Strikingly enough, miniature bows and arrows for boys and spindles for girls are the only toys which the Siriono make for their children. There is a conspicuous lack of dolls, animals figures, puzzles, cradles, stilts, balls, string figures, etc., so commonly found in other primitive societies. Occasionally a baby tortoise or the young of some other animal is brought in from the forest for a child to play with, but such pets are usually treated so roughly that they die within a few days' time. Moreover, such common amusements for children as games of tag, hide-

and-seek, and racing are unknown in Siriono society. Organized games and contests for children (except wrestling for boys) seem to be entirely lacking.

Besides playing with their bows and arrows, boys amuse themselves in other ways: climbing trees, playing in the water, fishing, learning to swim, chasing one another around camp, and wrestling. They also spend a great deal of time lying in their hammocks, a custom they seem readily to learn from their parents.

Girls play especially at house: making baskets and pots, spinning cotton thread, and twining bark-fiber string. They also frequently assist their mothers in performing such simple household tasks as shelling maize, roasting wild fruits, and carrying water. Young girls also spend a great deal of time grooming each other, depilating the hair from their foreheads and picking out and eating the lice from their heads. In general, by the time they have reached the age of eight girls have learned to weave baskets, to twine bark-fiber string, to spin cotton thread, and to perform most of the tasks which the society assigns the adult female.

Within play groups aggression is freely expressed. When boys are playing with their bows and arrows (boys' arrows always have blunt ends, and their bows shoot with little force), accidents sometimes occur, and occasionally one child shoots another intentionally, even though boys are admonished not to point their weapons at any human target. When such accidents or shootings occur (children are seldom wounded as a result of them), a fight usually breaks out, and the child who has been hit often strikes back at the boy who shot him. Adults generally take no part in these fights (they usually laugh at them), but the loser always runs crying to his parent for protection.

Considerable teasing and torturing - such things as pinching of the genitals, poking fingers in the eyes, and scratching - of young children by older children takes place. A young child must often protect himself from such attacks with a brand of fire or a digging stick, and if he catches the older child who molested him, he may burn him rather severely or give him a sharp rap on the head. Older girls, too, sometimes tease young children by pretending to suck from their mothers' breasts"

Holmberg, Allan. Nomads of the Long Bow: The
Siriono of Eastern Bolivia



■ Uwar and Kabilek are expert at a game called *sikoko*, which is played with rattan hoops and small cane spears; the boys keep their own hoops among their few possessions in the pilai. Though games are numerous, toys kept by the children from one day to the next are few. They include a bull-roarer—a slot of wood on the end of a string, which produces, when whirled, a loud hollow noise—a simple swing in which a vine is lashed to the middle of a board, and the large purple bulb of the banana tree, also on a string: the latter may be twirled in the air below the hand or towed on the ground behind, a technique favored by Uwar's small round brother, Natorek.

The rules of *sikoko* are simple, but the game is difficult. One boy rolls the hoops one after another

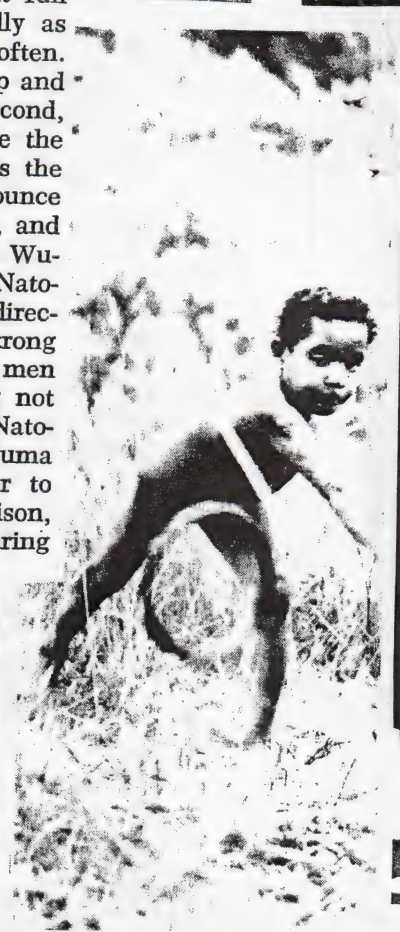
across a length of ground, and, as they pass, the other must hurl the spears through them in such a way that the spear sticks into the ground with the hoop spinning on it. The hoops are hurled at full force, so that they bounce high and erratically as they go, but even so, the boys do not miss often. Unlike most other yegerek, who crowd the hoop and try to punch the spear through at the last second, Uwar and Kabilek keep a distance and impale the hoop with a whipping sidearm throw: Uwar is the only boy who is left-handed. Sometimes they bounce the hoops over the araucaria roots at Homuak, and sometimes they play on a downhill path below Wuperainma; at these times they are watched by Natorek and Oluma, who work as a pair under the direction of the former. Both little boys are fat and strong and truculent—at three, they are as old as fat men ever get among the akuni—and do everything not only together but simultaneously. Today, when Natorek marched into the weeds and squatted, Oluma took up a position right beside him; shoulder to shoulder, they relieved their small bodies in unison, neat and quick as birds, the pair of heads glaring balefully at the world across the grass tops.

Matthiessen, Peter.

Under the Mountain Wall:

A Chronicle of Two Seasons

in Stone Age New Guinea



Then take the issue of play. Play it seems is extremely important. Anthropologists suggest that the more complex are the cognitive processes of the species, the greater the importance of playfulness. Without play we don't go beyond the normal and the predictable. Play is about experimenting in a moderately safe environment. Psychologists define it as "a state of optimal creative capacity." It is about imagining alternative possibilities – as Einstein shrewdly noted, "imagination is more important than knowledge." The word "school" comes from the Greek word "skhole" meaning both leisure and a lecture place; in other words a time and place where the exuberance of doing exactly what you enjoy meets the challenge of working logically – or, at least that is what school should do. Play is about learning how to correct mistakes so that, as an older person finding themselves between a rock and a hard place, the individual is not intimidated by risk. The ability to play appears to be yet another critical adaptation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", chimed fifteenth century know-alls in the years before Roger Ascham.

The ancestral environment, the savannah on which the human race grew up, was fraught with risks. To observe Hadza men encouraging their sons to make perfect arrows was to see the best pedagogic skills ever legislated for under a government educational reform programme naturally practiced by "unschooled" men who knew that quality learning was about survival. The adult inspired the child, but never overawed it with the depth of its own knowledge. The adult never failed to praise; but it didn't over praise. The adult constantly urged the child to experiment, to test the flight path of different kinds of arrows, and then to evaluate the results. That is how we humans were learning probably forty thousand years ago.

Those tribesmen taught their sons and daughters to read the natural signs around them with a sophistication that a reader of this Paper might expect to apply to a particularly interesting newspaper editorial. Those "stone age" people used many more of their innate senses every day than do those of us whose intellectual skills are measured in terms of the computer programmes we use, but whose computers we could never actually make. Those stone age tribesmen sniff, they sense temperature differences in a way we can't, and they make fine distinctions between shades of color that we don't even notice. The youngest children create play-worlds of their own – where the adults live entirely in straw-covered huts hastily erected over small branches of wood the young girls make miniature toy "huts" of their own, and lift the occasional ember from the adult's fire for their own "hearth."

The youngest boys endlessly experiment with their bows and arrows, occasionally wounding some of the chickens.

Adolescence; a critical Evolutionary Adaptation

http://www.21learn.org/arch/articles/adoles_crit_evo_adapt.doc.

five to a hundred people encamped around us. Such numbers stimulated the playing of games. Although there was a tendency for boys of about seven to twelve to play together a good deal of the time and girls of the same age to do so also, there were no exclusive age groups. Adults played with the children and teenagers when they wished. Teenagers played with younger children. The little ones played with older children as best they could.

The games and play can be grouped into categories. Both boys and girls engage much of the time in physical activities such as climbing trees, swinging on swings they made themselves, or jumping rope. They also engage in play that imitates adult activity and at the same time serves as a learning process. In another type of play, groups of children play several dramatic games in which the actions are patterned rather than being free imitation of adult actions. The play that older girls and women most frequently engage in emphasizes rhythmic motion and singing. They dance little patterned dances and play rhythmic games, some that imitate animals but in a patterned way rather than freely. The game most often played is a ball game which is a dance itself. These rhythmic games include little feats of agility like hopping on one foot. Boys spend less time playing patterned games and engage more in physical activities, such as climbing trees. They play almost incessantly a game of stick-throwing in which they show their prowess, but no one wins.

Among Ikung games there is nothing like our hockey or football in which teams compete against each other. The Ikung do not play in teams, except at tug of war. Conflict is expressed between individuals, however, in the porcupine game; and in four little dramatic games conflict is expressed between parents and children, between humans and animals, between people who have and people who do not have cattle.

Mimicking animals is a pastime of men and boys. They mimic the walk and the way the animal carries and throws its head, catching the rhythm exactly. /Tikay could make himself uncannily like an ostrich; his sitting down on a nest and laying eggs was delightfully funny. Skill in mimicry has practical value as well as being very amusing. A hunter can let his fellow hunters know what animal he has seen without making a sound. The hunters also have conventional signs that they make with their hands. They indicate the relative position of the horns on the head of the animal, the wide-apart wildebeest horns or the upright hartbeest horns, for example, and they move their hands and forearms the way the animal's head moves.

The arduous days in Ikung life are the days of hunting and gathering and the long days of walking when the people travel from one place to another. Days spent in the encampment when there is food on hand are anything but arduous. People stroll half a mile to the waterhole to fill their containers, perhaps to dance and sing together for a little while or just to sit and talk in the morning or evening coolness. The women carry away some of the ashes of the night fires and pile them at a little distance away from their shelters to tidy the place where they sit around their fires. That is the extent of their "housekeeping." People use the time during the days at home to make or repair their belongings. The women sharpen their digging sticks and perhaps do some bead work for a while. From time to time they clean and soften their karosses. They pound fresh bones between stones till they have about a quart of bone meal. This they rub, handful by handful, over the kaross, working its moisture into the leather. The men work on their hunting equipment, making arrows and poisoning them. They renew or repair any of their artifacts that need attention, sitting in groups in the shade the while, talking and singing. However, the Ikung artifacts are durable and do not often need renewing, so more time is spent in leisure than in tasks. People sit talking, smoking, playing with their babies, delousing each other's heads, napping, or just lying resting. Much of the time during the leisure days someone is making music. The children play all their waking hours, free play and structured games. The adults also play games.

The presence of our expedition at Gautscha in 1952-53 created an unusual situation which gave us an exceptional opportunity to see Ikung games. As I mentioned previously, we found as many as seventy-

Boys play little dramas of encounter and attack. One may imitate a lion, growling and springing at other boys who run toward him and leap away yelling before he seizes them. The boys played hyena by acting out an episode in which a hyena slips into the encampment at night when people are asleep and tries to bite them. The !Kung have tales of hyenas biting off a person's buttocks or a person's nose while he slept, and they tell of at least one actual episode of a hyena biting through a child's leg and trying to drag the child away to eat it. (The child, a little girl, was rescued, and she recovered from the bite.) In the boys' play, the people leap up, wave their arms at the hyenas, and yell and bang on a hard piece of hide to frighten the beast away with noise. (This is what they actually do if a real hyena or a lion appears.) On another occasion, one boy played he was a gembok, with sticks in his hair to represent horns. The other boys imitated hunters. They attacked and killed the gembok.

!Kung boys amuse themselves by mimicking people as well as animals. Probably girls do also, but apparently not as much. In any case, I noticed only the boys. They mimic peculiarities of posture and movement so cleverly that they leave no doubt as to who the model is. I saw the lame !Kham and Lame ≠Gao mimicked more than once. The ridicule did not seem bitter; I should call it mild ridicule. When the real ≠Gao or !Kham falls down, people laugh, and they laugh at the mimicry. In contrast, it seemed to me that the mimicking of animals showed a different spirit. There seemed to be no ridicule in it; rather it seemed to have overtones of intimacy and affection.

I find it interesting to note one lack in !Kung games. Whereas multitudes of children over the world play tag in one or another of its many forms, the !Kung children do not.

THE PLAY OF YOUNG CHILDREN

!Kung babies are carried most of the time by their mothers, tied in soft leather slings against their mother's side, where they can easily reach their mother's breast. They nurse at will. !Kung women have excellent lactation. All the babies are plump. The babies wear no clothes and are in skin-to-skin contact with their mothers. They sleep in their mother's arms at night. When they are not in their mother's arms or tied to their sides, they are in someone else's arms, or if they are set down to play they clamber over their elders as they lie chatting and resting, or play within arm's reach. The babies are constantly in the presence of



!U with her daughter, !Ungka Norma; ≠Toma's sister, for whom !Ungka Norma is named (her !gun!a) is on the left. Notice the baby's light skin. Notice the tortoise shells !U is wearing. They contain a sweet-smelling cosmetic powder. !Ungka Norma's beads are a gift from her !gun!a.

people who are gentle and affectionate with them and who are watchful. The babies have no special toys, but are allowed to play with any of the adults' possessions that come to their hands and mouths, except knives and hunting equipment. These items are hung carefully in the bushes, out of reach of children.

The !Kung never seem to tire of their babies. They dandle them, kiss them, dance with them, and sing to them. The older children make playthings of the babies. The girls carry them around, not as a task set

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ers to nurse. Altogether, the babies appear to be as serene and contented as well-fed young puppies.

When people are sitting at leisure, they spend time teaching the babies. They help them to stand or to take their first steps between outstretched arms of the adults and they play little games with them. Three of their games are the following:

Young Duiker. The adult and the child sit close together—the child on the adult's knee, or the two beside or opposite each other. The adult pinches up a bit of skin on the back of the child's hand and then releases it; the child does the same with the adult's hand. Then each moves his two hands straight up and down with his palms facing each other, about twelve inches apart. The sequence is repeated. All the while the two are singing:

The young duiker says "za za"

The young duiker came running down.

Dung Beetle. This game is similar to Young Duiker. The adult and the child sit together in the same way; this time they pinch each other's eyebrows. Next they slowly bend their heads backward and forward, while making the up-and-down motion with their hands of Young Duiker and singing the syllable *zein* in a long drone. The sound represents the buzzing wings of the dung beetle in flight. The players then let their hands plop down, representing the dung beetle's plop into the dung.

Naming the Birds. A mother playing with a child bows her head rhythmically and points to the palm of her hand with the index finger of the other hand, saying each time the name of a bird: "The partridge egg is there, the dove egg is there, the guinea fowl egg is there," and so forth. Mothers said this was how they taught the children the names of the birds.

Boys and girls from about three to six play together near their family fires much of the time, but they also venture as far as the dance circle, where they chase each other around and play on the swing.

Much of the play of young children is imitation of the elders' daily activity. It is not surprising that one favorite theme they enact is hunting, gathering, preparing food, and eating it. The children take up the roles of men and women. The boys go out to hunt (they do not go far—twenty or thirty feet perhaps). They carry back leaves and twigs on carrying-sticks held over the shoulders, as the hunters carry meat. The little girls dig for roots with their mothers' digging sticks. They pound the



Girls made playthings of the babies.

them by their parents (though they might carry babies around for that reason also), but because they play "mother." The boys also carry the babies around, give them rides, and drag them on karosses (a favorite game). If the babies utter a whimper they are carried back to their mothers.

"food" in their mothers' mortars and pretend to cook and eat it. Another favorite theme to enact is the ritual curing dance. The little girls clap and sing: the boys imitate *n/um k'xausi* and pretend to go into trance.

The little boys begin to try to keep up with the older boys as soon as they are able, and the little girls with the older girls. The girls have an easier time: the girls' play is somewhat more subdued than that of the boys. I was always impressed with the tolerance and patience of the older boys and girls with the little ones who kept getting in the way as they struggled to take part in whatever play was in progress.

THE PLAY OF BOYS

The most active players were the boys from about seven to eleven or twelve. They played together in a group most of the time. When many families were visiting Gautscha there would be present as many as ten or a dozen boys of that age. The older teen-aged boys and young adults who were present joined the young boys in some of their games.

Their play spaces were the cleared areas of the dance circles in both encampments of 1952-53, the space around the waterhole and the edge of the pan, and the space around the baobab trees. In the encampment of April-July 1953, the boys often played on a worn-down anthill near Band 1, and at another anthill, one with a tall pinnacle, east of the dance circle. They never went far afield. Kung children of any age do not go far from the encampment into the featureless veld of grass and bush; they know not to.¹

The boys played all their waking hours, turning from one kind of play to another through the day. They swarmed up the trees, hung from the branches, jumped down from them, played on the swing they had rigged to the tree near the dance circle, played their stick game, their *djani* game, their porcupine game (all to be described presently), dragged

1. The perils are real. The children have been taught from infancy to recognize them. For someone to encounter a leopard or a lion or to step on a snake is not a common occurrence, but is quite possible and actual occurrences are known to all. For children to get lost would be an ever-present danger if they were not taught to stay near their encampment. Only once in our experience some children strayed—a group of eight- and nine-year-olds. When they were missed, the encampment exploded into action. In minutes the men set out in tracking parties. The children had turned into the bush from the edge of the pan. They thought to come out again to the pan but had gone past it by that time. They wandered without landmarks till they happened to come to a little clearing which they recognized. They took their direction from it and were headed for the encampment when the men found them.

the babies on karosses. They made a variety of playthings for themselves—little toy autos, for example, in imitation of our trucks. And they played with bows and arrows. Every day they practiced shooting at the pinnacle anthill, at birds and beetles and any little things that moved.

There was another side to the boys' play; they could be quiet. They enjoyed being with Elizabeth and took to visiting our big tent (where Elizabeth and I both had our work tables) to be with her and, sometimes, to model with plasticene or to draw or paint with materials we had brought.²

In my diary, I say their voices were so gentle, their play so gay but so delicate that they did not disrupt anything and did not disturb me even when I was making kinship charts. If the everlastingly wind blew our papers off the tables, Tsamgao picked them up for us. And he was quick to open the zipper of the tent netting for us if either of us went in or out.

The older teen-aged boys and the young men do not climb the trees or play on the swing, but they sometimes play the stick game and often the *djani* game with the younger boys. All boys and men play the porcupine game. Often they work on some new artifact or repair their bows and arrows, or they lie in the shade doing nothing. But part of every leisure day someone makes music—sometimes for hours at a time. Often one of the men would tap quiet tunes on his bow with a stick. What the young men liked best was to sing together the songs of the //gwashi, while /Gao Music plucked soft rippling accompaniments on the strings. If I could leave what I was doing, I would sit for a while in a bit of shade nearby and let the music lift me out of the awareness of my discomforts in the heat and the trials and frustrations of my work.

In the late afternoons, however, when the day begins to cool, the middle-sized boys leave their stick-throwing or their arrow-shooting or whatever they have been playing at; and the older teen-aged boys and young men leave whatever they have been engaged in and congregate wherever the girls congregate, most often by the edge of the pan.

There is always some singing and dancing, with someone playing a //gwashi. Both boys and girls (and men and women also), in the informal dancing as well as in the dancing of the curing ritual, dance with simple restrained small steps, with very little movement of arms and torso, and no erotic gestures. The boys and girls do not touch each other in dancing.

2. Elizabeth took material for modeling, drawing, and painting. She offered opportunity to children and adults to use the materials without suggesting to them what they should do with them.

but they dance in each other's presence and are in unison in their response to the rhythm.

Presently, instead of dancing, they begin to play games. The boys and girls play separate games for the most part. The girls do not play the porcupine, djani, or stick-throwing games; those are exclusively for males. Boys and men do not play the ball game of the women and girls. There is some playing together, however. Little boys join the girls in playing the dramatic games, and the boys jump rope with the girls. The boys and girls play separate games, but they often play so near together in the same play space that they might almost be playing together. The boys barge in among the girls, playfully disrupting their games; the little boys get in the way.

The principal activity for the boys during these times of play in the late afternoon and evening is to perform feats of agility and of combat, and to make a show of strength before the girls. Most of all the boys, older and younger, tussle and struggle together. One lifts the other off the ground, carries him around, throws him down, and drags him about; the other in turn gets the better of his companion, lifts him and carries him around. Sometimes their tussling takes the form of wrestling; they grapple and strain to push one another down. Occasionally they fisticuff with much gesturing of arms and clenched fists. The wrestling and fisticuffing do not end in fighting—the boys have smiles on their faces; they break off, shouting and laughing, and run to tussle with someone else.

Sometimes the boys turn cartwheels and backward somersaults. They stand on their heads or roll over and over on the ground. One feat of agility is for one boy to run around holding the upraised foot of another; the latter hops after him on one foot as fast as he can. Another favorite game when this kind of play is in progress is for the boys to give each other "horseback" rides. Two boys form the horse, one behind the other. One bends over double and winds his two arms tightly around the waist of the second boy. A third boy rides on the back of the first. The "horse" gallops around.

The older boys may be joining in all this or they may be sitting nearby watching the girls. Meanwhile, as the boys are showing off their strength and agility, the girls are playing their gay singing games together.

THE PLAY OF GIRLS

Girls begin to take their place in the lifework of providing food earlier than boys do. The boys are not taken hunting by their fathers until they

are about twelve. Younger boys, the Ikung believe, could not endure the lack of food and water that the hunters have to endure, nor keep up the walking pace that the men set. If there are adults remaining in the encampment during the day, the boys stay and play. Otherwise, they go with their mothers while they gather. Girls, on the other hand, begin to gather seriously by about nine or ten years of age. At that age Niai gathered for herself and her young husband, /Gunda, accompanying her mother, Dilai, and her aunt, /U, and //Kushay and !Ungka, all of whom usually went gathering together. At any given time, therefore, one usually sees more boys than girls playing in an encampment.

When girls are at home and engaged in play during the day, their play is quieter than that of the boys. We did not see girls construct playthings such as the toy autos of the boys. They play the //gwashi a great deal. They play with the babies, they play "house," building little shelters and imitating the actions of daily life in them. Although most of their games were active games and they did enjoy the swing, they engaged in less lively physical activities throughout the day than did the middle-sized boys who ran around so much.

The great forte of the girls is to play their ball game and other singing games in the late afternoon, with the boys watching them. They make a charming sight, bedecked with their ornaments and moving gracefully and rhythmically together. When the aloes first bloomed in the spring they wore wreaths of the pink blossoms on their heads.

None of the girls' games is a contest in which an individual or group of individuals, a side, is the winner. The girls play several types of games: games of agility, such as hopping on one foot and jump rope; dramatic games in which they enact a little story; and singing games in which they move together in close physical contact, sing and clap in rhythmic coordination. Whereas most of the boys' games develop their muscles, the rhythmic singing games of the girls, besides giving pleasure, develop the girls' ability to sing and clap with exquisite precision the complex music of the great curing rite, the curing dance.

GIRLS' GAMES

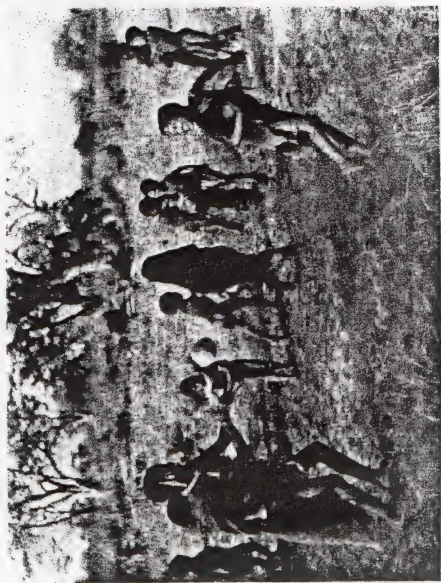
The Ball Game

The ball game, which involves singing, dancing, and clapping, as well as catching a ball, is a great favorite among the girls and women. Teen-aged girls, older women with their babies on their backs, younger girls—

all group together to play this game. The number of players ranges anywhere from three or four to larger groups of fifteen, sixteen, or more. At Gautscha, where many visiting girls were present, the game was played every day. Boys do not play this game by themselves, and they do not join formally in playing with the girls, but they sometimes leap in and seize the ball to tease and annoy the girls.

The girls usually use a tsama melon for a ball, choosing one about three and a half or four inches in diameter. If no tsama is available, they use some other piece of plant food that is round and of suitable size.

To begin the game the girls stand in a loose line, all singing and clapping. The girl at the front of the line, Girl A, who is holding the ball, runs forward five or six steps in rhythm with the singing. She pauses, waiting for a specific point in the musical period. While she waits she dances: she turns swiftly to one side, then to the other, takes a long step backward with one foot, does a little hop, and takes a long step forward with the same foot—or else she makes some less precise shuffling step.



The women's ball game

When the proper moment in the music arrives, Girl A tosses the ball to the next girl in the line, Girl B, who has run forward to be in a position to catch it. (The girls toss the ball in different ways. The most usual way is for the girl to remain facing forward and with her right hand toss the ball back in a low underhand pitch, past the right side. Another common way is for her to turn to the left and, looking back, toss the ball with her right hand past her left side.) Girl A then runs on with free running steps and takes her place at the end of the line of singing, clapping girls waiting their turns. B makes her forward and backward steps; at the right moment she tosses the ball to the next girl, C, and runs to the end of the line. Thus they all take their turns over and over again tirelessly for long periods of play.

The girls are lively; they play at a fast tempo with great vigor and much laughter. They leap and bend, they run, throw, and catch, all with large, open, graceful gestures. Their excellent sense of timing holds them strictly in the rhythmic pattern, and they seldom miss the ball. The babies on their mothers' backs jounce and blink in apparent contentment.

Nicholas England discusses the ball game songs in his study of Bushman music. The songs are called Tama Kwisi, tsama (melon) play. England writes:

There are approximately one dozen ball game songs in central Nyae Nyae—"approximately" because the recordings taken over the past decade by the PHKE [Peabody Harvard Kalahari Expeditions] include several fragments that might or might not be part of this repertory. Apparently little change has occurred in the number since the first PHKE recordings were made in 1953; at that time there were ten (?) songs. During the 1957-58 expedition, the women sang the same ten songs of four years earlier along with two additional songs that had been added to the repertory. Like the Medicine Songs, then, the Ball Game Songs form a stable repertory that is slow to change....

Some of the songs have no designation other than simply "Ball Game Songs." On the other hand, some have specific titles and often concomitant program notes that everyone knows as the story behind the song.³

On the whole, the songs are sung without words, although sometimes a singer may choose to utter a few words pertinent to the subject.

3. Nicholas England, "Music among the 3d'/wá-sí' of South West Africa and Botswana" (Ph.D. diss., Harvard University, 1969), p. 645. The whole ball game section is pp. 641-653.

The songs are accompanied with clapping, but not with the //gwashi. The women and girls have another repertory of songs that they sing with //gwashi accompaniment, to be mentioned later. The following are some examples of ball game songs and their subject-matter:⁴

1. Scaly Anteater⁵ (*n=hoi*) Song—about the anteater's slow walk, which the girls imitate, and the way ants stick to his long tongue.
2. Grey Loerie⁶ (*kwāfēshū*) Song—about the bird's song, "kuri mama."
3. Puff Adder (*igai*) Song—composed by Khuan//a. The women say it is a sad song about a bad thing—a lament. Old N'iaishi, Khuan//a's father, was bitten by a puff adder. He had been trying to prod a springhare out of its warren and had pulled out a puff adder instead. He thought he had killed it, but when he picked it up, it turned and bit his hand. Friends cut and sucked the bite. He survived, but he was very ill for a long time. His hand was permanently damaged, and he has been unable ever since to twist a fire stick. During that time Khuan//a was bitten by "something with many legs" (undoubtedly a scorpion). Her hand was terribly swollen and sore. It was then she composed the song commemorating the events.
4. Wasp (*gūn /kedj*) Song—a very lively song about a particular species of wasp that often stings the women when they are gathering plant foods. The wasps are bad things, the women say.
5. Beetle (*//goni*) Song—about a beetle with a short neck. The beetle pinches the women's fingers between its head and its neck when they are gathering.
6. Caterpillar (*//kugo*) Song—composed by Khuan//a. The girls sing it when they are gathering certain caterpillars that the !Kung enjoy eating. The song praises the caterpillars that the !Kung eat.
7. Dance Rattle (*joro*) Song—about the larvae⁷ that are found in the cocoons from which dance rattles are commonly made. The cocoons, I was told, have short, stiff hairs on them, which prick one's fingers; the !Kung rub them off with a piece of wood, and then they open the cocoons and cook the larvae in ashes. The words of the song describe people who, although their hands itch from the hairs, are happy to have the larvae to eat.
8. !Xwa⁸ Song—about women gathering !Xwa roots. The women feel lively and happy and make a song about their happiness.

4. This list is a combination of information in my notes and information contained in England's study.

5. *Smutsia temminckii*.

6. *Corythaixoides concolor*.

7. *Lasiocampid Trabala* (England, *ibid.*, p. 362).

8. *Fockea* sp.

9. Old Kaross Song—about a girl who has a ragged, worn-out kaross. Other girls have new karosses that are beautiful. The girl of the song laments that she has no one to give her a new kaross.

10. /Cao Song—this song, England writes, concerns "a very young boy who drank his mother's urine and got a good, round scold-ing because of it."⁹

England continues:

Women and girls compose these songs when they are moved to do so by some person, place, thing or incident. For example, there is Hwan//a [Khuan//a Musi] and her puff adder experience; she also composed the Caterpillar song. Beautiful !Ungka, [Da of /Gai-shay and Khuan//a from Kai Kai] composed the /Cao song. The other songs are composed by women whose names are known, but who are either dead or living somewhere other than central Nyae Nyae. In their visiting, the women learn songs from each other; but from the stability of the repertory, mentioned earlier, it appears that additions to the ball game repertory of an encampment or village are not often made.

Musically, the ball game songs are similar to the medicine and eland songs. They are choral polyphonies with clapping, and often there are motives and phrases that are transferred from the medicine repertory, for example, into that of the ball games. However, certain differences are immediately apparent between the ball game songs and the other vocal music repertoires.

First of all, the musical periods are shorter. Second, the rhythm patterns and periods of the ball game songs are distinctive; they are most often composed of asymmetrical combinations of pulses so that their flow seems uneven and somewhat bumpy by comparison to the more steady beating of the dance songs. The overall impression of the ball game songs is one of rhythmic catchiness and high variety.¹⁰

Variants of the Ball Game

I saw two variant versions of the ball game, both of which were less strenuous than the regular version. In one, the players danced around and around in a circle, singing and clapping; the girl who had the ball passed it underhand to the person behind her.

The other version, I was told, was invented years ago by Old /Gam's great-grandmother. In contrast to the regular ball game, this version in-

9. England, *ibid.*, p. 647.

10. England, *ibid.*

volves little or no dancing. The ball is the seed of a palm fruit, *lhoni*.¹¹

I saw it played by four girls and three women one day in November 1952, when the hunters returned without meat but with a young palm tree they had found during their search for game. The girls and women stood in line, one behind the other, singing and clapping. The first girl, A, ran out in front of the others, turned to face the line, tossed the palm seed to the next girl, B, and ran to take her place at the end of the line. B ran out and tossed the ball to C, ran to take her place behind A, and so forth.

N≠a n≠a hau

This game is usually played by girls alone, but occasionally we saw young boys join in. The game is named for a tree, the *n≠a*, that has big thorns.¹² *Hau* is uttered as a high-pitched little howl, and I believe it is a howl, not a word. The words of the song the girls sang when they played this game mean "Come let us hook"—that is, come let us hook our feet together.

Four or five girls, or perhaps as many as six or eight, form a close circle. They all face forward. Each girl, lifting her right leg, bending it at the knee, and extending it slightly inward toward the center of the circle, hooks her right foot into the bend of the knee of the girl behind her. Thus hooked together, the girls hop on their left feet, clapping each time their feet touch the ground. They hop around and around in the circle, going quite fast. They may make two or three turns around the circle before someone loses her balance and breaks her hold, perhaps tumbling down. Amid squeals and laughter the circle falls apart. Then the girls hook again and hop around again, perhaps this time reversing the direction, hopping on their right feet with their left feet hooked.¹³

11. *Hyphaene ventricosa* Kirk. The palm fruits, *Story* says, are a little smaller than a tennis ball, and the seeds are about a half-inch smaller in diameter than the fruits.
12. The *n≠a* tree is *Ziziphus mucronata* Willd. (*Story*, p. 32). *Story* calls "A," a rule it is very thorny, with the thorns in pairs, of which one is hooked and the other straight. The edible berries also called *n≠a* come from this tree. The Africans people call this tree *wag-n-bietjie*, "wait-a-bit." I was one time caught by a wait-a-bit if a wait-a-bit catches you by a garment you can free yourself by taking the garment off, but I was caught by my hair. I had to call out for help and wait till someone came with a knife to free me.

13. Charles Beart, in *Jeux et jouets d'Afrique* (Mémoires de l'Institut Français d'Afrique Noire, no. 42; Dakar, Institut Français d'Afrique Noire, 1955) 1, 256-258, mentions several West African games that resemble *N≠a n≠a hau*. He includes a Dogon game (reported by Griaule) in which three players hook their right feet together: A's foot over B's calf, B's foot over C's calf, and C's foot over A's calf. The players then hop around in a circle, singing and clapping. The game can be played either by boys or girls. The boys call it "Bird's Nest," and the girls call it "My Turtle Dove Nest."



l≠a n≠a hau

1 Form of "London Bridge"

Two girls stand facing each other, holding hands, their arms straight out from their shoulders. The other girls who are playing take turns running between the two, ducking under their arms. As each girl runs under, the two lower their arms (still holding hands) and trap the girl, who wriggles and twists to free herself.

Two Riding Games

Girl A makes a stirrup with her two hands held behind her, fingers interlaced. Girl B places her foot in A's hands, pulls herself up, and holds onto A's shoulders while A trots around and gives her a ride.

Girl A bends forward, and Girl B, facing upward, lies on A's back. Girl C holds B's feet up off the ground. A and C prance around giving B a ride. (Boys also play this game.)

Two girls run around carrying a third between them, one holding her by her shoulders, the other by her legs.

Girl A holds Girl B head down against her back, B's stomach against A's back. B's legs are bent at the hips so that they stick out straight over A's shoulders and are held by A. A walks around carrying B in this way.

Jump Rope

Jump rope is primarily a girls' activity, but several times we saw boys (both young boys and teen-agers) join in.

The girls play with ropes about eight feet long. They use the ropes that women make (from the leaf fibers of the plentiful *sansevieria* plant) to bind grass thatch to the frames of their shelters. Women only bother to do this binding during the season of heavy rains, when fearsome thunderstorms strike the shelters, and gusts of wind tear at the thatch. The girls know how to make these ropes, and could make one for themselves if none were available.

Singing a song called //Haru, two girls swing the rope; the others jump in turn. //Haru is a plant food that people especially enjoy (*Lapeynousia cyanescens*, #18). We saw several versions of the game, and there are no doubt others as well. One girl, or two girls together, may run in and stay for several swings, jumping the rope each time it hits the ground; or girls may take turns running in, jumping once, and running out. The other version involves swinging the rope while it is above their heads. Another version involves swinging the rope in a large revolution, so that it hits the ground on the downward sweep, and then in a small revolution in which the rope does not hit the ground at all. A girl runs in and jumps the rope on the larger revolution, steps back and waits on the smaller revolution.

The girls are lithe and agile, and, with their excellent sense of timing, they seldom miss.

Dolls

Megan Bieseke has told me that she saw Kung girls making dolls of wound strips of cloth in Botswana in 1972. Some of them were quite elaborate and fanciful. One, she says, had protuberant buttocks, abbreviated limbs, and a stylized grace reminiscent of the rock paintings supposed to have been made by Bushmen. As the group who had these

dolls were in close contact with Tswana and Herero people and also had access to cloth, doll-making of this sort may well be very recent among Kung children. I myself saw no such dolls in South West Africa; I observed no dolls made from any material.

Hopping on One Foot

Hopping on one foot is a regular activity of the girls in their afternoon play. They sing the ball game songs to accompany the hopping; if a girl has both hands free, she claps.

The girls hop in pairs or in groups of three or four. In one version of the game, Girl A and Girl B face forward, A in front of B. B lifts one foot; A reaches back and grasps it by the heel or the big toe; A prances forward and B hops after her, clapping vigorously. In another version, A and B face each other. A grasps one of B's feet and they move a few steps forward and a few steps back, B clapping and hopping back and forth as best she can. Sometimes a third girl, C, joins A and B in the first version of the game. A holds up B's foot, and B holds up C's; B and C clap and hop after A. One time four girls made two pairs prancing and hopping together as A and B do in the first version; on that occasion they sang a song named for an evergreen tree, *≡gwa*.¹⁴ In still another version, A and B face each other. A holds up one of B's feet, say it is the left foot, with her right hand; B holds up A's left foot with her right hand. They sing and hop back and forth, but neither can clap.

Hopping on Two Feet

The girls form a circle and hold hands. Keeping their feet as close together as possible, they hop, two feet together, around in a circle. The song they sing as they play this game is called *Ikau* [Kau. I do not know the meaning of the name.

Girls' Dances

The girls have a number of little dances, most of which are usually performed with singing; some are also performed with clapping. Several of the dances are line dances, one is a jumping dance, and one a twisting dance. Generally five or six girls take part.

14. *Combretum coriaceum* Schinz.

The one that I saw performed most often is called the "Dance of the Old Kaross."¹⁵ Singing, the girls move slowly forward a short distance, all stamping their right feet at certain points in the song. Then they move backward in the same manner. The song they sing concerns a girl who has an old, worn kaross and wishes for a beautiful new one like those the other women wear.

Another line dance is called "Caterpillar." In this dance the girls perform a movement of the shoulders, neck, and head that thrusts out the chin without tilting the head. They make this movement twice and then make a tiny hop forward. After they have done this a number of times they begin to move backward in the same manner.

In a third line dance, the girls stand as close together as possible and lean forward, each leaning on the back of the girl in front of her. They move forward slowly; then they all fall over and, still holding on to each other, lie on the ground a moment, laughing.

A fourth line dance involves the girls running very fast around and around the dance circle, singing and clapping.

The jumping dance is performed by two girls who face each other, holding hands and singing. Both girls stand with their legs in a straddle—both right feet forward and left feet back, or vice versa. Then they jump and take the other position—left feet forward. The dance continues in this way, the feet going back and forth in rapid alternation.

For the twisting dance two girls face each other and hold hands by hooking their index fingers. They dance a little step together and then, still holding hands, one girl twists around clockwise while the other twists around counterclockwise, until they are back-to-back; another twist and they face each other again. They repeat this movement several times, sometimes reversing the direction of the twist. Several pairs of girls may perform this dance at the same time.

After there have been a few heavy squalls of rain, the pan at Gautscha fills and becomes a lake a few inches deep. The girls then bathe and dance in the water. I have an image in my memory of an afternoon when I heard singing away out in the pan and, looking up, saw fourteen slender dark figures dancing, seven upright and seven mirrored in the water. The girls, in a line, danced with prancing steps, kicking the water

15. Nicholas England reports ("Music among the 30°/wā-si," p. 647) that this song is also sung for the ball game. In view of this, it seems possible that the song that accompanied the "Caterpillar" dance is the same as the ball game song called "Caterpillar."

into a spray on certain beats of their song. After a time, still singing, they bathed and ran gleaming wet to put on their karosses and run back along the path to the encampment.

BOYS' GAMES

The Porcupine Game, or Axe and Assagai Game, or War Game

The three names above were used for a game that was frequently played by men and boys. The game is played in essentially the same way, whichever name is used; the variations are only variations in style of play and in what the players say is represented.

The game is one of conflict. The formalized gestures simulate combat between two men, not group combat. The men say that the game is a "fight," *nli*, and when one player is vanquished by another they say he is "killed," *-lkh*. Their word for playing this game is *≠nam*, which means, according to Bleek's Dictionary, p. 670, "to beat, strike, or play (music—as upon a bow)." Bleek has the !Kung phrase //a *ni*, which she translates "to play the war game" (Dictionary, p. 513). Lee says that in the Dobe area, the !Kung call the game *nhaie* ("war").

The "axe and assagai" name for the game refers to the weapons the men pretend to hold in their hands. We did not succeed in tracing the history or the significance of the name "porcupine," *ixum*. We were told that the old people had said that was the name of the game, but had not said why.

Part of the action of the game resembles the game of "Rock, Paper, and Scissors" or the game that some American boys call "Beat Up."

The porcupine or axe and assagai game is exclusively a game for males; it is never played by women and girls, although they may stay nearby watching and joining in the laughter. Men and boys from the age of eight or nine (or thereabouts) to early old age play together. Little boys do not have the sense to play; the very old do not have the energy. The others play in any combination of ages.

The game is played in any open space large enough to accommodate the players. It is played whenever a group takes a notion to play—usually that would be late afternoon or early evening. The men enjoy this game and play it very often.

Any number of players may participate. We have seen groups as small as two and as large as seventeen or eighteen. There may be an odd or an even number. (Ten is the number that I will use in describing

the game here.) The players do not win and lose by teams or sides, but as individuals.

The players usually seat themselves, facing each other, in two lines about three feet apart (occasionally they play for a time standing):

A B C D E
F G H I J

They pretend that each holds an assagai in his right hand and an axe in his left.

There is evidently no formal rule determining who starts the game. We were told that the man with the biggest assagai starts. When we asked who had the biggest assagai, the men replied that it was the one who said he had it. What would happen, we asked, if some other player did not agree and claimed that his assagai was bigger? That never happens, they said.

Assume that A starts. He challenges any player in the opposite line—say it is F. They play: if A "kills" F, A challenges another player in the opposite line, and so forth until A himself is killed. The man who kills him (say it is H) challenges a player in A's line, but not A, who is killed, remains seated in the line and takes part in the general action, but he is not challenged again until a new game starts. H continues to challenge men in A's line until he is killed by one of them. That man then becomes the challenger and so the game goes on. When all the players but one are killed, they start a new game.

The play between the challenger and the challenged consists in both men throwing out one arm or the other in haphazard order, right or left, but on a certain pulse in a definite steady rhythmic pattern.

The members of the expeditions attempted to gain an understanding of the rules governing "winning" in this rapid and complex game. We came up with several different sets of rules and so are not able to say with finality whether some of them are wrong interpretations or whether there are alternative rules by which the game may be played. One of the sets of rules, however, is corroborated by the observations of Richard Lee (personal communication). Since it is the only set of which we have independent confirmation, I set it down here:

A challenges B. If, at a crucial moment (apparently governed by the musical phrase) when the two throw out their arms, A throws out his right arm and B his left, or A throws out his left arm, and B his right,

then A loses (is "killed"). If A throws out his right arm and B throws out his right, or if both throw out their left arms, then B is killed (see Fig. 13).

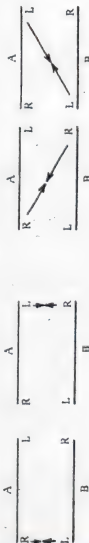


Fig. 13. "Kills" in the porcupine game

There appears to be no formality as to who starts the new game. It may be the man who was not killed in the previous game, but anyone who was enjoying the game and was vigorous, enthusiastic, and quick might be the first to resume the challenging.

All the while the challengers, the challenged, and all the other players, whether they have been killed or not, are accompanying the play with sound. They sit with their legs bent back under them, their buttocks resting either on their heels or on the ground between their heels. They sift the sand under their knees for thorns or sharp bits of stick, or they may place a kaross under their knees. As they play they thump the ground vigorously and loudly with their knees; soon they have beaten a hollow in the sand, two or three inches deep, with each knee. Their knees produce a loud, steady, regular percussion sound. The men add two more lines of percussion sound to the knee sound. Each man slaps his chest with his right hand, his thigh with his left hand, making a complex rhythmic pattern in rapid tempo. The arms of the challenger and the challenged are thrown out on a certain pulse in the rhythm pattern. The challenger often rises up on his knee and hurls his arm out with a yell as though throwing a weapon.

And all the while vocal sounds accompany the play. Intermittently the players may sing. When they do, the song is that of the Men's Dance or one of the songs of the Tshoma, the boys' initiation rite. But whether they slip into song or not, the players are constantly emitting grunts and gasps in a rhythmic pattern that fits into the percussion pattern of the thumping knees and slapping hands. And above the regular pulse of the thumping knees, slapping hands, grunts, and gasps are interspersed sharp hand claps, yelps, yells, shouts, cries of oo-ha oo-ha. In an exciting

game, the latter sounds rise to a hubbub, but the regular pulse of the percussion sounds is always heard.

The play between the challenger and the challenged lasts for a varying number of seconds, until chance gives one or the other the victory—on the average perhaps ten or twelve seconds, but a player might be killed on the first throw. If there are enthusiastic players present and their mood is gay and the late afternoon air refreshing, the group might continue to play for an hour or two at a time. Two hours would be a long game, an hour and a half more usual. They often play for shorter periods. They always play for fun and with evident enjoyment.

Some men are considered to be better players than others. Gao and /Ttikay were very good. /Toma was good too, although he was not as enthusiastic a player as the former men and often sat watching the play instead of participating. Of the younger men who were all good, several were thought to be especially so: //Ao, brother-in-law of Gao, /Gunda, the husband of Nlai, and //Ao Wildebeest.

A man can be a good player in two ways. Chance accounts for most victories, but if a man is alert and attentive and if he watches his adversary sharply, he notices if the adversary tends to fall into a habitual pattern of throwing out one arm or the other and can quickly vanquish him. The arms are all in constant rapid motion, slapping chests and thighs, making short feinting gestures of throwing, but a good player appears to be able to catch some clues and in a split second see which arm is coming. Some players in any case are victorious more often than others. An indifferent, lethargic player would fall easy prey to a skilled enthusiast.

The other way to be a good player in /Kung estimation is to be good at pantomime. Many /Kung are highly talented in imitating human and animal movements, and all are highly amused at clever imitation. People enjoy the players who act out their combats, throwing their arms with violence, as though hurling weapons, with yelps and yells. After a man has killed his opponent with his right arm (with his "assagai"), he may follow with a mimed blow with his axe—his left arm. Some of their gestures are stylized. Fluttering the fingers of the right hand means that the assagai is trembling. By flickering his hand past his ear, a player pretends that a missile has just whizzed by him. A sideways slash of the left hand with the palm up means the wielding of the axe. A man who has just killed another makes a gesture of throwing something over his

shoulder. This is the gesture people commonly make when they say that a person is dead.

On two or three occasions when the men called the game Porcupine, they wore porcupine quills in their hair and imitated porcupines to some extent. They made claw marks in the sand with their fingers, snarling excitedly; and when one was killed one time, he rolled into a ball and imitated a porcupine's twitching death throes till everyone guffawed with laughter, and the game paused till the porcupine was dead.

Apparently the players make no great ado about winning or losing. A man likes to vanquish his opponent in a given play, but no score is kept to see who wins most often. The fun is in the playing. I have seen boys' faces fall in sharp disappointment for a few seconds when they were "killed," but they wait their turn again and no one gets angry or sulky. The mood is gay, and there is much laughter. Most of the laughter pours upon the vanquished who laugh with the others at themselves. Approval is expressed in nods and smiles for the cleverness of the victor.

Tug-of-War

We saw only young boys play tug-of-war. They would form two groups of three or four boys each. The groups would sit facing each other, close together, the players in each group bunched together, their knees up and their feet more or less braced. For the rope they used a short length of hose, which someone on our staff had given them. Ordinarily they would have used a piece of sanseveria-fiber rope, or a piece of leather cut like a strap. The boys would grab hold of the hose and begin to tug, holding on tenaciously, straining and grunting, till those on one side pulled the other side over on top of them in a heap. Then they would untangle themselves and go at their tugging again. Sometimes the boys on one side would let go of the rope, and the others would all fall back.

One of the ancient tales of the /Kung tells how the fate of the Bushmen was decided by a tug-of-war. Long, long ago the Bushmen and the black people were one nation. One day the Creator commanded them to have a tug-of-war. The black people were on one side, the Bushmen on the other, in equal numbers. The rope the Creator made for them to pull had two parts to it, which were knotted together in the middle. One part of the rope, the part given to the black people to pull on, was made of the hides of animals, which had been cut into long, pliable strips and twisted together. (Such a rope is called a *riem* in Afrikaans.) The half of

the rope that was given to the Bushmen was made of *lhwi* (sansevieria fibers). The tug-of-war began, and the rope broke. The black people had the *riem* end, the Bushmen had the *lhwi* end. This meant, we were told, that the black people got the best things: they got cattle, sheep, goats, and milk to drink; they also got the knowledge of hoeing and planting. The Bushmen got the less-good things: they make their living as best they can with *lhwi*. They make bowstring and snares with it, and thus they live. / Qui, telling this story to us one day, said that the Bushmen had been foolish to take the fiber end of the rope. Laughing, he said that he wished the pulling could be repeated now. He would see that the Bushmen took the *riem* end.

Stick Throwing

Stick throwing is a favorite activity of boys and young men.¹⁶ I have the impression that the boys from about eight years old through the middle teens threw sticks for hours on end every day. Often the young men joined in. Smaller boys threw sticks too, imitating the older ones. The !Kung boys played very strenuously, setting a fast pace and pouring their vast energy into the game.

At Gautscha the boys played on the enormous ancient anthill that lay beside the shelters of Band 1. It was an ideal place for stick throwing. The material of anthills is very hard, quite unlike the loose, sandy soil that prevails in the Kalahari. This hill had long been abandoned by the ants and had been worn down by wind and rain till it was about five or six feet high at the peak. Its sides had come to the gentle slope of the "angle of repose" (the angle at which earth rests without sliding).

The boys prepare the sticks themselves by peeling off the bark and smoothing and tapering the stick. The finished stick is straight, two to three feet long, tapered at one end, and slender, but large enough in diameter (usually just under half an inch) to be fairly rigid.

Each boy takes a turn in the stick throwing. Holding the thicker end of the stick in his right hand,¹⁷ he runs up to a certain spot and throws the stick with all his might. To make the throw, a boy swings his

16. Bleek reports that among the Nharo (Naron), stick throwing is "a man's amusement, even middle-aged men join in" (Bleek, *The Naron*, University of Cape Town Publications of the School of African Life and Language, Cambridge, At the University Press, 1923, p. 21).

17. All the boys I observed were right-handed. I assume there must be left-handed Bushmen, but in my casual observations I did not see any.

right arm back, up, and over in an arc. He slams his stick downward as hard as he can as his arm starts its downward swing. The momentum of his running goes into the throw. He puts the whole weight of his torso and the whole strength of his muscles into it also. By the time the throw has been completed the boy is leaning far forward, his right foot high in the air, his right arm sweeping past his left knee. The thick end of the stick, which the boy was holding, strikes the ground not far (ten feet or so) from the thrower. The stick bounces off and sails forward for varying distances—another twenty feet, perhaps. A thirty-foot sail would be a good long one. When they played on the anthill they aimed their sticks to hit just below the peak; the sticks sailed over the peak into the air beyond.

As fast as he can, the next boy runs to approximately the same spot (there is no marker or line drawn on the ground) and throws his stick. The boys take turns till all have thrown their sticks. Then they rush to pick them up, each his own, and repeat the performance, either throwing the sticks back in the opposite direction, or running to the original position and throwing again from that spot.

The boys do not appear to be in ardent competition with each other. No score is kept; no one emerges a winner from the session. Each boy tries simply to make the stick sail as far as he can. They take notice of a good throw and acclaim it, and the thrower smiles in pleasure. The fun seems to be in the action, in throwing well, and in seeing the sticks fly. Stick throwing develops arm muscles and helps to strengthen a boy's arms for throwing an assagai.

Rides on an Old Kaross

One of the boys' favorite games is pulling the younger children around on an old kaross. A young child or two is put down on the kaross, and two or three of the older boys take hold of the front part of the kaross and run as fast as they can, dragging the kaross behind them. The younger children delight in this game and always want a turn; the babies often seem not to want rides, but they get them anyway. Occasionally one of the older boys will get on the kaross himself, and the others will pull him around. The anthill at Gautscha was a fine place for the kaross rides.

Once I saw the boys play this game using, instead of an old kaross, a pair of gemsbok horns (still joined together by the top of the animal's skull) that had been discarded when the gemsbok head was cooked and eaten.

Airplane

The boys sometimes varied the kaross rides by carrying the kaross instead of dragging it. Four boys, one at each corner, would pick up the kaross and run around, carrying a small child in the kaross.

After November 1952 the boys called this game "Airplane." In that month we had an epidemic of flu. A man from Kubi had come on a visit to Gautscha.¹⁸ He became very ill the night after his arrival. In four days he recovered and returned to Kubi, but people had been exposed to the infection, and soon they too fell ill. A number were visiting at Gautscha from several bands; in all there were seventy-two people encamped around us. The infection raced from one to another; people went down in waves like wheat before the scythe. As some improved others fell ill. We nursed them ardently, taking turns to keep a night watch, giving them water and food and giving them their medicines on time.¹⁹ Supported by Merck's Manual we had decided to give antibiotics. All accepted our care gratefully and obeyed our instructions to stay and rest. They were too sick (with temperatures of 103° and 104°) to do much else. We were frantically worried nonetheless, and when our medicine began to run out we sent Charles Handley out to Groofontein for help. He asked Dr. Malherbe to come back with him. They chartered a small plane and were flown in by Pilot Schink, who was famous in South West Africa for finding ways to land in the bundu. Pilot Schink had never been to Gautscha and did not know the way; he had to fly low and, with Charles Handley's help, follow the faint track our expedition trucks had made between Samangaigai and Gautscha. When the plane landed on the pan our little community of Bushmen and expedition staff was wild with excitement.²⁰ Dr. Malherbe examined all our patients, found only one with pneumonia, gave us our instructions and the medicine we needed, and flew away again, leaving us considerably comforted. In another few days everyone had recovered. It was after this that the boys called the kaross ride "Airplane" and ran about imitating the sound of the engine.

18. This man was Guntse, the father of Niai. He had come to protest Niai's betrothal to Gunda.

19. We had not made gifts of food or water previously, wanting to observe the Kung theory of ways of gathering and hunting, but during this illness we gave food and water all day.

20. This was the first airplane the Bushmen had seen close up, but it was not the first they knew of airplanes. Occasionally a transcontinental plane crossed that part of the Kalahari high overhead. The Bushmen knew the planes were mammals but called them "cultures."

The boys played airplane in other ways as well. Tsamgao one day caught a large moth. He held it cupped in his hands and listened to its whirring wings, moving his hands back and forth in the air, saying "airplane, airplane." Then he threaded the live moth onto the end of a slender stick and ran with it while it whirled out its last moments of life.

On another occasion he caught a bird, tied a cord securely to its leg, and played airplane with it till it was too exhausted even to flutter any more. He then without concern abandoned it to die. This attitude toward living creatures was general among the IKung, not peculiar to Tsamgao. They showed no concern for wounded creatures and no compunction for the pain they might be causing them. The boys shot thorns into beetles with little bows and left the beetles to die. Children (both boys and girls) pulled legs off live grasshoppers; they one day played with a baby rabbit till they killed it; and a boy once whacked to death a young mongoose, an animal the IKung avoid eating. Our sentimental attitudes toward animals were not shared by the IKung. To kill animals is the way of life among hunters.

Hobbyhorse

One day the boys tied a heavy cord between two trees and hung a piece of an old kaross over it for a saddle. One at a time they sat astride the saddle and pretended they were riding a horse.

Tree Climbing

Tree climbing is an activity of boys and men. For the men it is part of their work as hunters: they climb high in the baobab trees to look out over the country and see if game is stirring. Sometimes they hammer pegs into the tree to climb by; they had done this for one of the enormous baobabs near Gautscha.

The boys climb trees for pleasure. They climbed the baobab with pegs in it, but they liked another baobab better, one that had no pegs. They climbed this one frequently in spite of the fact that a big snake was thought to live in it. But there was an ever better climbing tree, not a baobab, that stood at the edge of the dance circle at Gautscha. Its branches offered more challenges to their acrobatic skills than the baobab's did: the boys walked upright along them, swung from them, jumped down from them, clung to them with hands and feet like sloths.

THE WALLS STILL STAND

*Sometimes it seemed we could not be stopped; we
were crazy feral children, our eyes ablaze with
polymorphous lust.
Our intensity demanded eternity, an unending flow.*

*There was no turning back
Reeling, dizzy with joy on the edge of
so full of now, there was no time
We flew burning through the night fu
which to create the wonders of*



ck.
a cliff, our lives
morrow.
hanging toys with
our lives.

Bricolage symphonies, cacophonies, insanities.
Our madness was intentional, a godless rite to break
down the walls and dams.
The moments of our lives seemed like forever so full
of this life they had become.
We lost ourselves in flows of desire, in wandering
currents of sensation stronger than the channels that
would keep them in constraints.



-Wolff Landstreicher

Our hearts pounded, we were wild-eyed with our
energy, flaming tornadoes dancing zig-zag through
heaving landscapes...
Smashing the walls...
Smashing the walls...
Smashing... smashing... smashing the walls..

Swings

Swings were a delight for both boys and girls. The boys rigged them, knotting two or three straplike pieces of leather into a loop and slinging one end over a branch. The swing at Gautscha, more tame than some the boys made, hung from a low branch of the tree near the dance circle. A child sitting in it when it was at rest was not much more than two feet off the ground.

The children took turns pushing each other in the swing. Older children gave the younger ones a fair share of turns. Sometimes those who were waiting stood in a line in front of the child in the swing, at the farthest point of the swing's arc. One after another they took turns standing at the front of the line and letting the child swing into them with his legs stuck straight out. Some stood back so that his toes barely touched them; others let themselves be toppled over.

Bows and Arrows

When boys are about two years old their parents make little bows and blunt arrows for them to play with. From then on boys play at shooting. The boys at Gautscha aged from about seven into their teens did this a great deal. They made bows of various sizes for themselves. Tsangao had made two bows, a tiny one about eight inches across when strung, and a larger one. From the tiny bow he shot thorns into dung beetles and any other little living thing that moved. From the larger bow he—like all the other boys—shot at birds, especially those that lived near the water hole. I never saw a boy hit a bird, but they never gave up trying. They also practiced shooting at a stationary target, an anthill not far from the encampment (not the old weathered one the boys threw sticks against and on which the girls made sand-patterns, but a pinnacle, about seven feet high). Sometimes their arrows penetrated it, but usually they just bounced off; in either case the boys could see where their arrows struck and could practice to correct their aim.

Autos

Not long after our arrival in 1952, with four trucks and a jeep, the boys at Gautscha took to making models of vehicles out of tubers or bulbs. They called these models "autos," pronouncing the first syllable "ow."

Tsangao was the inventor. We guessed that he was about ten at the time. All the boys from about seven into early teens followed his lead and made autos for themselves, and playing auto became a favorite game, played for hours at a time. The boys pushed their autos with long, thin sticks or pulled them with sanseveria cords. They ran around and around in any of the nearby open spaces, imitating the sounds of motors starting and running in different gears. (They rather specialized in the roar of low gear pulling out of heavy sand.) Some of the boys made models of men and placed them in the autos as drivers; when they did so they named the drivers for themselves. Several of the autos were equipped with spare tires (actually the whole wheel with the spare). When Tsangao changed tires he went through all the gestures of unscrewing the bolts, taking the tire off, placing the new tire on the axle, tightening the bolt again, pumping it up (with an imaginary pump), and testing the pressure (with an imaginary tire gauge). He would find the pressure too high and would let out some of the air, making a hiss; then he would imitate the sound of the starter and set forth again.

Tsangao's original model was made out of a carolike root. The four wheels were slices from the small end, and the rest of the root was the body, with the wide end at the front. The body was partially hollowed out to represent the interior; a portion left unhollowed at the front was the hood. The axles were straight twigs running through the body and protruding on each side more than an inch. The wheels, properly rounded and with a hole gouged in the center, were set on the axles, and bits of soft bark were wound around the axles to hold the wheels on. Grooves were made in the wheels to represent tire treads. Headlights, the last detail of construction, were little onionlike bulbs fastened to the auto with tiny sticks.

The other boys' autos generally followed Tsangao's design but were made from various roots and plant materials and had many variations in detail and proportion. Some of the boys later began to ask members of our expeditions for pieces of cardboard, discarded cartons, or file card boxes with which to make auto bodies; they also asked for empty film spools to use as wheels for these larger autos.

Some of the younger boys (up to about seven or eight years old) played with a simpler kind of auto—an empty tortoise shell turned upside down, which they pushed around with a stick. The tire-changing and sound effects drama that accompanied play with the tuber autos was not evoked by the tortoise shells; mostly the younger boys just said "Brrrrr."

Tsamgao's Gun

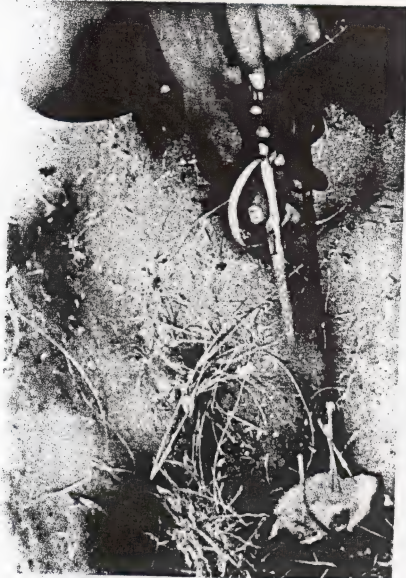
In 1955 we saw the boys playing with toy guns made out of reeds. We had not seen this on the previous expeditions. When I asked about them, I was told that the boys had made copies of the gun that Tsamgao had invented sometime after we left in 1953. All the boys and adults of whom I inquired stated that the gun was entirely Tsamgao's invention; no one, they said, had shown him how to make it or helped him construct it.²¹ Once Tsamgao had made the gun, other boys copied it; there were several in use in 1955, of slightly varying size but of the same construction.

Tsamgao's gun was made of a 12- or 13-inch length of sturdy segmented reed that was hollow between the nodules. The reed, called *n/ohru*, was about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter. About $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in from one end—the front or muzzle end—a slot was cut all the way through the reed. The slot ended at a nodule about 7 inches from the front. As there were no other nodules from this point forward to the muzzle, the barrel of the gun was hollow. Into the slot one end of a thin strip (about 12 inches long) of supple, resilient wood or heavy, peeled bark was inserted, protruding an inch or so below the reed. The strip arched back from the slot, above the reed, and the other end of the strip was inserted into a small cut in the reed, about an inch behind the nodule at the back of the slot. Another small cut had been made on the underside of the reed, and the end of the strip protruded below the reed from this cut as from the slot.²² This strip was the gun's trigger.

Tsamgao's ammunition consisted of small darts $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. They were made from pieces of strong grass or tiny reeds, with little

21. Tsamgao had seen our guns, and he had seen the fabulously old firearms of the Herero of Kai Kat on several occasions when he visited there with his family. I was told that it was one of the Herero guns that had inspired him. As I had never seen a toy gun like Tsamgao's among any of the Bushman or Bantu peoples I had encountered in 1951 and 1952-53, I did not inquire further to find out whether Tsamgao might have seen a Herero (or Tswana) child playing with a similar toy. This possibility did not occur to me until I saw in Béart [Jeux et jouets, I, 173] the drawing of a virtually identical toy made by Malinke children in Guinea. Béart remarks, moreover, that "this general design are found all over the world. Therefore, it must be considered a possibility that Tsamgao got the idea for his gun from a Bantu child's model."

22. This is the way I remember the gun, and it would seem to be the most efficient way of constructing it so as to hold the strip firmly in the reed. However, in Béart's drawing of the Malinke toy (and also in his drawings of other West African toy guns of the same type), the strip does not protrude below the reed—it is held in the reed only by the cut on the reed's upper surface. The photographs of Tsamgao's gun that were taken on our expedition fail to show this detail clearly.



Tsamgao's gun

thorns stuck into one end. To load the gun Tsamgao used his finger to press the end of the strip protruding from the slot firmly back against the nodule; holding the strip back he placed a dart in the slot, pushing the thorn-tipped point only a little way into the barrel, so that the other end of the dart still extended into the slot. To shoot he held the gun with both hands and took aim. His left hand steadied the butt, his right hand cradled the gun under the trigger; his right index finger held the trigger back firmly. When ready, he released the trigger, which snapped smartly forward and projected the dart through the barrel into the target—a piece of root lying about 6 inches from the muzzle. Tsamgao never missed.

Tsamgao's Camera

The inventive Tsamgao also carved a little camera out of a tuber, modeling it after our Leica. He carried it about, snapping pictures as we did, holding the camera to his eye and pretending to focus.

As these examples show, in each case it was Tsamgao who first made most of the inventions. He made the first auto, the toy gun, the

camera, and the airplane. Other boys were quick to follow his lead, but he was definitely the innovator.

Djani

A *djani* is an exquisite winged toy. Tossed high in the air, it floats down vertically, spinning. Boys and young men play with the *djani*; girls never do. The game is a favorite one played almost every day for long periods at a time.

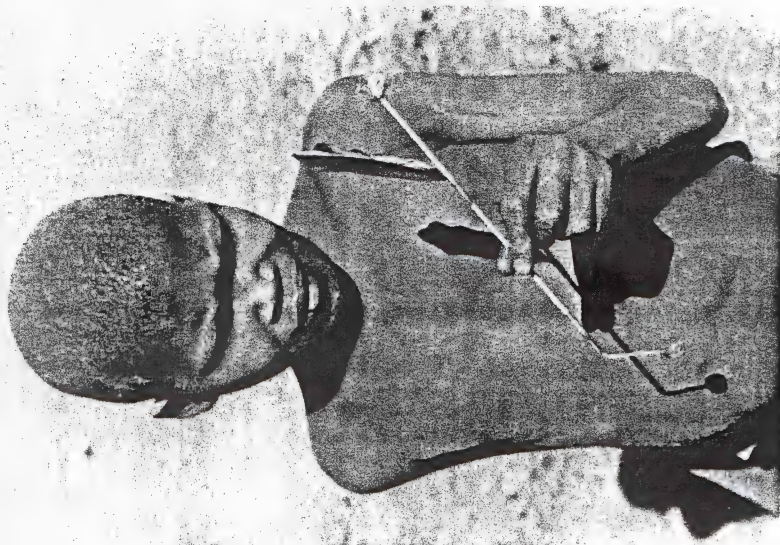
To make a *djani*, a boy uses a length of hollow segmented reed. The reed, though light, is strong. The length of the piece used varies: those I measured were between 10 and 13 inches long. A tuft of guinea fowl down is thrust into the top of the reed where it stays without glue or binding. About an inch above the middle of the reed, a guinea fowl feather about 5 inches long is bound to the reed in such a way that it slants out from the reed a little. The binding is sinew.

A thong is bound with sinew to the bottom of the reed, and a weight is attached to the *djani* by this thong. If a mangetti nut is used as the weight, a hole is bored through it with an awl, and the nut is strung on the thong which is then knotted at the end. A lump of gum from a tree may be used instead: while still moist, it is pressed around the thong and allowed to dry.

When I observed /Gaishay [1.18] making the *djani* in the figure, I noticed that he took care to trim the thong with a knife until it was the right width and perfectly straight. To trim the feather, he took from the fine a stick that was glowing at the end and burned the ragged edges off making the feather symmetrical.

The number of boys we saw playing with a *djani* was rarely less than three or more than six or eight, but there is no set number. Each boy holds a smooth straight stick about two feet long tapered at one end.²³ To begin playing, one boy throws the *djani* by hand up into the air as high as he can. Because of the weight on the end, the *djani* travels bottom end up. When the *djani* begins to fall, the weight straightens it into a vertical position, the feather and the tuft of down are caught by the breeze, and the *djani* floats down spinning. The breeze wafts it here and there, and the boys—leaping through grass and thorny brush as freely as little steenboks—run to be under it when it comes down. The

23. /Gaishay, in preparing the stick shown in the figure, peeled the bark off the tapered end but left it on the other end (the end he held).



The *djani*

All the time Huwe was watching. He watched very carefully when /Ka /Kani hid the fire sticks. When the roots were cooked and /Ka /Kani and the children were preparing to eat them, Huwe came out from his hiding place and went to them as a visitor, and they all ate together.

Huwe then said, "Now we must play." /Ka /Kani asked what game they must play. Huwe made two djani that had guinea fowl feathers, and he and /Ka /Kani began to play. But the djani did not fly well, and Huwe could not get /Ka /Kani away from his dwelling place. So he said, "The guinea fowl feathers are no good. We must get paouw feathers."

When they put the paouw feathers on, the two djani flew high. /Ka /Kani tossed his djani to the eastern side. Huwe tossed his to the western side. And then Huwe opened the wind, and the wind came from the eastern side and blew /Ka /Kani's djani over to the western side. /Ka /Kani followed it and passed Huwe and went farther. Huwe followed. When /Ka /Kani was far away, Huwe ran back to the place where the fire sticks were hidden. He seized the sticks, broke them into little pieces, and threw them over the whole world crying, "All the world is going to get fire now! Fire! Fire! Through the whole world!" /Ka /Kani stopped his play and came and looked at Huwe. Huwe told him, "It is not right that you alone should have fire. From now on you will not be a person. You will be a little bird." And /Ka /Kani was changed into a bird called *we-re*.²⁸

Since then there has been fire in every piece of wood, and all men can get it out and cook their food. These events were told by the old people. They happened long ago.

The /Gwi Tale of How Fire Was Given to Mankind and How the Sun Was Created

Pisiboro²⁹ went looking for berries. When he returned to his home he saw Ostrich nearby eating some berries. Pisiboro walked up to Ostrich. Just as Ostrich lifted his hand to pick some more berries, Pisiboro smelled fire. Ostrich had fire under his arm; it was a coal. Pisiboro noticed this. He went back to his home; he slept, and in the morning he

28. The bird *we-re*, we were told, comes in the season of the rains. It has a red collar, a green chest, a black spot on its head, and white stripes on its cheeks. It is the protagonist of the /Gwi tales had three names. Pisiboro was the name we did most of the tales. We were told that another of his names was //Gama, but we did not use that name. The third name was Ntiriba. The portion of the present tale that concerns the creation of the sun was told to us by Ukwane on two different occasions. The first time he told it, Ukwane used the name Pisiboro for the protagonist; the second time he told it he used the name Ntiriba.

went again to the place where Ostrich was picking berries. Both he and Ostrich picked and ate berries for a time. Pisiboro presently told Ostrich to try to pick the berries that were highest up. When Ostrich reached up, Pisiboro grabbed the fire from under his arm and ran away with it. Pisiboro ran and ran with it, till he came to an anthill. He threw the fire onto the anthill and the fire broke into bits. After that Pisiboro told the fire to run and hide in a *we-uri* bush and also to go into all the fruit bushes and into all the stones it could find. Pisiboro disappeared in a bush called *n=ri n=ri*.²⁸

After that Pisiboro made a zani [the /Gwi word for djani]. He took the wing of a korhaan. Then he took fire and burned the edges of the wing all around. Then he bound the wing to a reed with a cord. The wing was near the top of the reed. On the other end of the reed he tied the coal also with a cord.²⁹ (Thus he made a zani.) He tossed the zani up into the air with a stick. It fell and he caught it with his stick and tossed it again, hoping to toss it so high it would not fall again, but it fell. A third time he tossed it. This time it stayed up. It is the sun. It cut the night that was there and made the day and the night. Thus Pisiboro had light. Before that time, people had been living in darkness. The sun gave them light.

GAMES PLAYED BOTH BY GIRLS ALONE AND BOYS ALONE Patterns in the Sand

Boys playing "Tortoise," as they said, made a pattern in the sand with their feet, singing a song the while. Moving backward and taking very small steps, their toes turned out, they printed each step carefully and symmetrically, and each time dug their toes in more deeply than their heels, to represent the tortoise's footprint.

Girls also made patterns in the sand with their feet. Those I saw moved very slowly forward, their toes slightly turned out, overlapping one tiny imprint with the next. The pattern resembled overlapping leaves. The girls said it did not mean anything, it was just play.

28. Ukwane told us that the *we-uri* bush has yellow fruit, and that the *n=ri* bush is the one from which the /Gwi cut sticks to use as the stick in the fire. He went on to say that Pisiboro told the fire to go into all the fruit bushes, that its heat would ripen the fruit and people would have ripe fruit to eat. Ukwane also said in response to a question about the fire's going into all the stones, that if one has a piece of metal he can strike a spark of fire out of the stone with it.

29. Ukwane told us that /Gwi boys weight the zani (and he did so when he was young) by attaching a piece of the nest of the Penduline Tit (*Anthoscopus minutus* [Roberts, Birds, No. 539]), rolled into a ball.

Sound Patterns Made with Feet

The Ikung—men, women, or children—if the fancy takes them, and a suitable object presents itself, enjoy dancing and tapping their feet in such a way as to make rhythmic patterns or to imitate familiar sounds, like a tap dancer on a vaudeville stage. The suitable object would be a stone or log or root with a smooth, flat, slanted surface. They stand in front of such an object and with incredible speed hop and stamp on the ground and tap their feet on the stone or log.

Some were extremely skilled in this play. One woman could imitate the sound of a galloping horse to perfection. Two men had worked out a rhythmic pattern together. Their four feet moved so fast, stamping and tapping, that one could not follow them with the eye, but one could follow with the ear a flawless intricate rapid rhythmic pattern. Little Niai knew a certain stone and always danced upon it when she passed it, making a gay rippling pattern of sound.

Sound Patterns Made with Hands

Girls make a sound pattern by patting their foreheads and lips in rapid tempo.

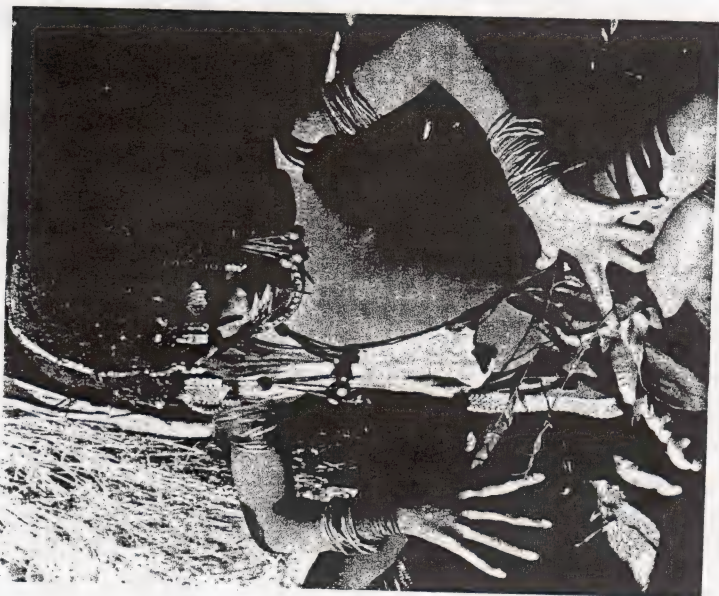
String Figures

On a few occasions we saw young women, girls, and young boys make string figures. I do not think that string figures are a highly developed art among the Ikung, and they did not seem to be a frequent pastime; but I cannot speak with certainty about this.

I am able to identify one string figure that was made by several people on different occasions. I do not know if the Ikung make other string figures in addition to this one. A few of the unsystematic photographs taken by members of our expeditions seem to show stages in the construction of a second (or possibly a second and a third) string figure, but the finished figures are not shown, and I am unable to identify them.

The figure I can identify is shown in the photograph. It is recorded in Jayne's *String Figures*, where it is called "Osage Diamonds."³⁰ Mrs.

30. Caroline Furness Jayne, *String Figures: A Study of Cui's Cradle in Many Lands* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906), pp. 24-27.



N=isa, the young wife of /Cao Music, making a string figure

Jayne saw it made in 1904 by an Osage Indian from Oklahoma. She writes that the figure has also been collected in the Hawaiian Islands and in Ireland.

Wedgwood and Schapera record the same figure among several

made by the Kxatla in Mochudi, Botswana.³¹ The Kxatla call the figure *Setswaldó*, "A Gate."³² The authors cite reports of the figure for the Temne, Sherbro, Kru, Mende, BaToka, BaRotse, Asena, Yoruba, and BaThonga.

The Ikung use the method common to the Osage and Kxatla in making the figure.³³

During the 1957-58 expedition, of which I was not a member, Niai was seen making a string figure on her toes. In the film that was made of her, I see that she used both hands to manipulate the strings.

In making the string figures, the Ikung use either a cord made from sansevieria fiber or a lighter-weight cord made of fibers from a long, carrot-shaped, carrot-colored root.

MIXED GROUP GAMES

Tsi tsi gwara

A possible translation of this name is "Behind behind move." Whereas I saw some games played almost every day, I saw tsi tsi gwara played only twice. The Ikung tended to play the less-structured games more commonly than the structured ones. Tsi tsi gwara is structured in form but has no drama associated with it—at least no one seemed to know of any. Any number of players may participate; they may be male and female. One occasion on which we saw the game played was a July morning in 1953. A group of young women and girls and younger boys played it with evident enjoyment on that occasion. Old /Gasa, Old //Khuga, and //Kushay (wife of /Qui) had much to say in teaching the young boys what to do.

31. Camilla H. Wedgwood and I. Schapera, "String Figures from Bechuanaaland Protectorate," *Bantu Studies* 4 (Dec. 1930), 251-260. The figure in question is shown in Figure II of Plate I, and in Figure III. Its construction is described on pp. 255-256. Of the Kxatla the authors write: "The Bechuanaaland Protectorate arrived there some sixty years ago, having taken the Western Transvaal, their former home, as the result of conflict with the local Europeans" (p. 255).

32. Other names reported for the figure by Mrs. Jayne and by Wedgwood and Schapera are: *Mo-ko-ili-ili* and *Pu-kou-ko* (Hawaiian Islands); "The Ladder," "The Fence" (Ireland); "Four Eyes" (Mende); *Amandende* (BaToka); and "Galabush Net" (Yoruba). The name "Osage Diamonds" is Mrs. Jayne's own—her Osage informant had no name for the figure. Mrs. Jayne also writes that the figure "is known among Indians, sometimes as Jacob's Ladder." I unfortunately did not know enough about string figures at that time to ask the Ikung if they had a name for the figure.

33. A person uses his right hand to pick up the left rear index string, places it over his left thumb, and then uses his left hand similarly for the right rear index string. Mrs. Jayne says this is the usual Indian way. This way of beginning is called Opening A.

The players form a circle facing inward (see Fig. 15). A's left hand holds B's right hand, B's left hand holds C's right hand, and so forth; this is Position 1. They begin to dance around in a counterclockwise direction, with big sideward steps, moving faster and faster till some of the players begin to fall down. As they stumble, the players beside them pull them up without letting go their hands. To keep their handholds is a point of the game.

After dancing in the circle a moment or two, H and A let go their handhold and the circle swings open to become a line. H is its leader. He begins the second phase of the game by running under the raised arms and held hands of A and B. Gripping each other's hands, all the players in the line follow after H. They run under from front to back, and as they do so they turn to their right. C is the last player to run under. He is holding B's left hand, and his motion of running under makes B spin completely around in place, turning in a clockwise direction. Coming to a stop, B is standing close to A facing in the same direction as when he started. His right arm has been pulled up across his chest, his right hand is on his left shoulder clinging to A's left hand; A's left arm is pulled up across B's back. B is in Position 2.

C stands beside B as before, still holding his left hand. H now repeats the maneuver. Running up in front of the line of players he swings the line after him and they run under the arms and held hands of B and C. C spins around as B did and stands close beside B in Position 2. The maneuver is repeated till H, the last, spins himself around and all the players are standing in Position 2.

The players then unwind. H turns himself completely around, counterclockwise. He then unwinds G by moving behind him and ducking through the line (from back to front) under the arms of G and F. (The players are standing close together, and those who pass through the line do not run as freely as in the winding process.) This move turns G to his original position. H, followed by G, moves behind F and ducks under the arms of F and E. H, followed by G and F, passes under the arms of E and D. Thus the whole line is unwound, the handholds (ideally) still unbroken. When the ten young boys were playing, however, they did lose their handholds a few times. In one instance, a young woman with her baby on her back had difficulty passing under the arms because her baby's head got caught. So that none of the players would break their handholds that time, Old /Gasa sprang up from where she was sitting watching and pushed the baby's head through.

When the players had unwound, they began again and played the whole game through once more, more smoothly the second time with less twisting the wrong way and breaking of handholds. One time they formed a circle while in Position 2 and joggled around in it a couple of times before unwinding.

This game is played in the United States. Three young women—two from Chicago and one from Massachusetts—have told me they played it when they were children. They call it "Rattlesnake." The song they sing with it spells out the word "rattlesnake" letter by letter. I did not play it as a child in California. I never saw or heard of the game till I saw it played by the Ikung.

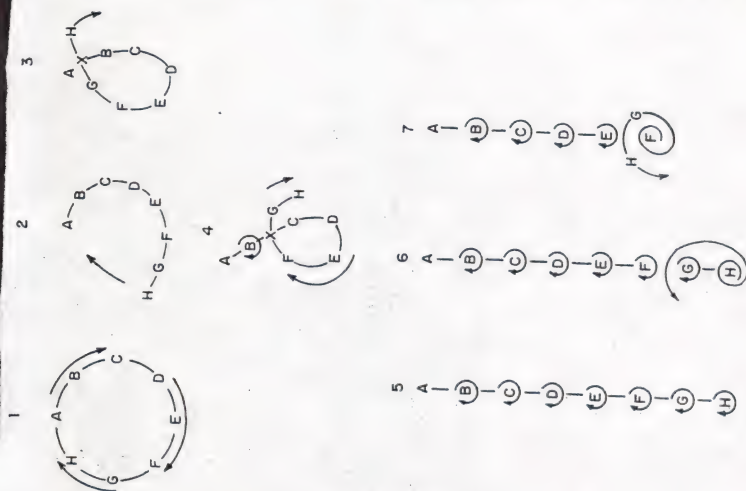
Four Dramatic Games

Four games are little dramas acted out by the players. The names of these games are: Frogs, Ostrich, Cattle, and Python. All four are dramas of conflict. In Frogs and Ostrich, the conflict is between parents and children; in Cattle, it is between a person who owns cattle and one who does not; and in Python, it is between humans and pythons. It is interesting that these three pairs—parents-children, herders-hunters, and humans-animals—are three of the basic polarities of Ikung life in general. The three kinds of conflict represented are also prominent in the folklore.

Although they did not play these games often, the Ikung find them very enjoyable. Women, girls, and boys between the ages of about eight and twelve all play them together. (An exception here is Python, which I saw played once by an all-boy group and once by an all-girl group but not by a mixed group.) The games are definitely not part of the repertoires of men or older boys. Nor do little children (younger than about eight) play—they do not have enough sense, we were told. The men, older boys, and children stand around watching or play their own games nearby. Occasionally one of the men barges in and disrupts the game momentarily, imitating the players or simply clowning around.

As in so many other instances, informants could not tell us anything about the origins of the games, nor did they have any stories or lore to explain the symbolism. Not even gray-haired Old Demi could throw any light on these matters; he could only reiterate, "That is the way to play the game; the children know that is the way."

All four of these games—and two others (Tsi tsi gwara and N≠a n≠a hau) as well—were played at Gautscha the July morning I spoke of pre-



All players in position 2

— indicates that the players are side by side holding hands
 X indicates the place in which the line fits under the upraised arms of two players
 Enclosed letters indicate that the players have turned in the direction of the arrow.

Fig. 15. The tsi tsi gwara game

viously. I will base my description of the games on the way they were played on this occasion, noting variations that I observed at other times. The people of Bands 1 and 2 were all at Gautscha that morning, and a number of people were visiting from Bands 4, 5, 7, and 9. It was a day of leisure: there was still meat from the last hunt; the women had gathered plant food the day before. A pleasant breeze stirred. The mood of play welled up and a group of ten young women and girls gathered to play in the space between the encampments, where the dance circle was. Eleven young boys joined them. Several old women and young children came to watch, and occasionally the old women joined in the play or waved their arms at the players, calling out their approval or disapproval of the way the games were being played.

We had seen the games played before, but not all in the same session of play and never with more vivacity. The players were in the mood. I attributed their mood to the leisure of the day and the pleasant weather, but more especially to the fact that a goodly number of people were present, including several gay, lively girls who greatly enjoyed playing together.

Frogs. Of the dramatic games, Frogs is the only one that has no song. When I asked the children the name of the game, they imitated the sound of frogs so skillfully I knew at once what the name was. It also differs from the others in its chaotic ending, in which the players dash about shrieking, chasing each other all over the encampment. Both Ostrich (which has other similarities to Frogs) and Python end in a certain amount of tussling and shouting, but nothing compared to Frogs.

I saw two different versions of Frogs, a "short" and a "long." The one played that July morning was the short version, which omitted many of the details of the long one.

In both versions the players sat down in a close circle, facing inward. One was chosen to play the part of "mother of all"; the rest of the players were her children. (I was told that a boy could be chosen for the parent's part; he would be called "father of all." However, I only saw young women play the part on this July morning. The mother was Zuma [2-2], sister of Gao Beard.)

Once the mother was chosen, the game began. The mother, seated with the other players, tapped each of her children on the ankle with a stick. As she tapped them, each lay back full-length on the ground, as though asleep. (At this point in the short version, the mother got up and

walked away, omitting all of the long-version action described in the next paragraph.)

The mother then pulled some hairs from her head and placed them on an imaginary fire in the center of the circle. The hairs, I was told, represented frogs the mother had gathered and was cooking for her children to eat. Presently (the frogs presumably having cooked long enough) the mother called to the children, and they all stood in the circle. The mother then went to each one, tapped him on the chest with a little leafy twig, and asked him to go and fetch her mortar and pestle so that she could pound up the crisp, roasted frogs and make them ready to eat. Each child turned away, refusing. The mother, with an expression of annoyance with the children, went to fetch the mortar and pestle herself.

While she was away, the children got up and ran off in all directions to hide. They hid behind shelters or clumps of bushes, inside the shelters, wherever they could. (In the long version, when the children got up to hide they stole the frogs from the fire and ran off with them.) The mother came back and acted out her anger at the children, scowling and making threatening gestures. Then she began to run here and there, looking for the children. Whenever she found one she held him and struck him on the head with her forefinger, breaking his head (we were told) so that his brains (*ni/ani*) ran out. (In the long version the mother would then lean over the child and, sucking at his head, drink his brains.)

On that July morning, this final part of Frogs was pandemonium. When Zuma caught them, the children squealed and struggled and pretended to cry. They broke away and dashed about, Zuma chasing after them. Zuma's baby howled, jerking and bouncing on his mother's back. Two young women, Khuan//a Music and N~~ya~~isa (wife of //Ao Wildebeest), who had not been among the players at the beginning of the game, joined in with Zuma and chased the children, striking them with their forefingers like Zuma. Two children still hiding were found by other children and dragged to Zuma to have their heads cracked. In the end everyone was chasing everyone else, shrieking and laughing in wild excitement. Some children had picked up sticks and were whacking others' heads with them. The sticks were light, but the blows were real. When the tumult subsided, all went off to sit in the shade and rest.

Ostrich. To begin this game the players all held hands and sat down in a loose circle, facing inward. The young woman, Khuan//a Music, who

had been chosen to play the part of Ostrich (a boy could have been chosen, I was told), remained outside the circle, holding a bunch of leafy twigs. The players began to sing (without clapping): "My old father, O, give us some meat." (Another time when I saw the game played, a young woman again taking the part of Ostrich, the players sang, "My old mother, O.")

With a rush Ostrich ran and leaped over the arms of the players into the circle. The players all jumped up, still holding hands, and began to bounce up and down in place; after a moment the bouncing subsided, and the song as well. Ostrich then began to move around the circle, offering each player one of the twigs she was holding. The twigs represented meat. Each player refused the meat, making some complaint. "The meat is too little," one said. Another said, "We do not like this meat." Another said, "You gave us good things before; what you give us now is nonsense." (When the game was played a second time, later that morning, this section was done differently: each player bit off a piece of the leaf and spat it out with noises of disgust instead of complaints.) After every refusal Ostrich, frowning, threw the twig at the player's chest. When all the players had refused the meat, Ostrich went around the circle again, stopping in front of each player and kicking sand at his feet. The sand represented fire—Ostrich was burning the players' feet. The players tried to jump out of the way of the sand.

Then Ostrich went around the circle a third time, thrusting out her buttocks at each player and pretending to fart at him (a most insulting gesture, the Kung feel). Again each player tried to jump out of the way. But this last indignity was apparently too much for the players to bear, for, resuming their song, they all began to jump up and down, shouting the words of the song and creating a great hubbub of anger at Ostrich. Ostrich also jumped up and down; as she jumped she pointed upward with the forefinger of her right hand.³⁴ Then she sought to break out of the circle and escape the anger of the players: bouncing across the circle in rhythm with the song, she threw herself against the barrier of arms and tightly held hands, trying to squeeze under. Several times the players prevented her, tossing her back to a standing position. At last she broke through between two of the boys, but one of them caught her and,

34. This gesture seems to be a traditional part of the game: once I saw a player tap Ostrich's shoulder and demonstrate the gesture, which Ostrich (a little girl, not Khuan/la Music) had omitted. Ostrich promptly began jumping again, this time making the gesture.

making a great show of striking her with his arm, pretending to kill her. She fell down, and all the players swarmed over her, pretending to pluck off her feathers.

I saw this game played at other times with several variations. Once Ostrich brought a single branch with many twigs on it, instead of a bunch of twigs; once she brought a handful of long, coarse grass; once she made a fourth round of the circle with long, sideward steps, placating the angry players by bowing low to each after she had thrust out her buttocks at them.

Cattle. In this game two players, /Gasa [2.5], wife of /Qui, brother of Gao Beard, and //Kushay [1.23], represented people, and the rest cattle. /Gasa was the owner of the cattle; //Kushay had none. The plot was simple; //Kushay stole /Gasa's cattle, one by one; when //Kushay had them all, /Gasa stole them back, one by one; then //Kushay took them again—and so forth, until the players were tired of playing. In contrast to the naturalistic whacking and struggling movements of Frogs, the conflict in Cattle was represented entirely by stylized movements.

The game began with /Gasa and //Kushay facing each other, all the cattle lined up behind /Gasa. /Gasa and //Kushay and some of the other players began a charming song about "cattle of mine" that was sung (unaccompanied by clapping) throughout the game; the rest of the cattle lowed and moored (except for one of the younger boys, who persisted in barking like a gemsbok the whole time). The words of the song were:

We nama, we nama gumi sa
Gumi sa o mi si.

(We nama, I was told, is rignmarle; gumi is "cattle.") At certain points in the song /Gasa and //Kushay gesticulated at each other, waving their arms emphatically and looking stern. Then //Kushay began her attack and /Gasa her defense. The combat took the form of a dance. Both players danced with smooth-flowing little running steps, their bodies bent over, arms held low in front of them; they tended to look at the ground rather than at each other. /Gasa danced in an arc in front of the cattle, moving first to the right of the line and then, dancing backward, to the left. //Kushay, meanwhile, danced in a sinuous line (sometimes figures of eight), advancing nearer and nearer to /Gasa and the line of cattle. She faced always in the direction of her steps until she came close to /Gasa, but then she threw up her hands (so that they were just above

shoulder height, and in more or less the same plane with her head and shoulders) and began to dance in arcs like /Casa's, moving backward as well as forward. /Casa also threw up her hands and began to mirror //Kushay's steps. The whole dance lasted through several statements of the song; then, at a given point in the song, //Kushay darted past /Casa, seized one of the cattle by the arm, and led the player across to her side to stand behind her. The cycle began again: //Kushay and /Casa gesticulated at each other and danced their combat, and //Kushay captured another of the cattle. When she had them all, /Casa began to take them back.

At one point in the game, when /Casa had only a few cattle left, three cycles went by without //Kushay's capturing any. During these turns, /Casa's dance was somewhat different: she stayed closer to the line of cattle and danced in shorter arcs, with both arms extended behind her. The line of cattle also swayed this way and that, staying behind /Casa as she danced. When the moment in the song for one of the cattle to be captured had passed, //Kushay returned to her side, and she and /Casa went through the gesticulating and dancing again.

It was my impression that the point of the game was the plot itself, rather than any competitive test of the players' skill in capturing or defending the cattle. //Kushay and /Casa, smiling broadly, performed as gentle and graceful a combat as one can imagine.

Since the !Kung are hunters and gatherers with no history of possessing cattle, one wonders if they adopted the game from their cattle-owning neighbors, the Tswana. Ledimo, our interpreter, said that the children of his tribe (Batawana) play the game, but that with them the characters are mothers and children. On the other hand, Bleek reports an almost identical game, which she calls the "Ox Game," played among the Nharo Bushmen:

[The oxen] stand with their arms curved over their heads to represent horns, make big eyes and low. One player is the owner, another the claimant. These two dance about in front of the oxen, chanting: "My oxen they are, I refuse to give them; Thy oxen they are not, I refuse them; I say my oxen they are." Meanwhile the claimant gradually catches one ox after another and pulls it over to his side. When all are caught, the game is finished.³⁵

The language of the song !Kung children sing in their version of the game is neither Nharo nor Tswana, but !Kung.

35. Bleek, *The Naron*, p. 19.

Python. On that July morning eleven young boys played Python; on another occasion as many girls played it; on a third occasion only seven girls played the game. The girls' version was the same as the boys', except that the girls omitted the lying down at the beginning.

The boys formed a chain by sitting down one in front of the other as close to each other as possible. Each stretched out his legs on either side of the boy in front and hooked his feet over the thighs of that boy. For a moment they all lay back, one on top of the other. Presently they sat up, and two boys jumped up from the chain and ran ahead to a clump of grass, where they crouched down. The boys in the chain began to sing (without clapping), and the whole chain began to move slowly forward, the boys hunching themselves along on their buttocks. With each hunch the line undulated, the first three boys swaying to one side, the next three boys swaying at the same time to the other side, and so forth.

The words of the song were:

We wanted to go gathering;
People went gathering.
We wanted to leave; people left.

When the line drew near to the crouching boys, they sprang forward on hands and feet and attacked and routed the line. They seized one boy and pretended to strike him; the rest of the boys in the line all jumped to their feet and scattered, shouting and laughing. In a moment the boys in the line returned and made gestures at the attackers as though they were hurling something at them.

The undulating, slowly moving line looked so snakelike that I expected it to represent the python, but I was told that the line represented people going to get water and also going for plant foods. The two boys in the clump of grass were a mother python and her baby in a pool. They attacked the people, my informant said, and drove them away.

Bleek describes the game (the "Great Water Snake Game") as played by Nharo children.³⁶ The players in the line (all girls) were people going for water. The chain stopped occasionally, and the girls pretended to dig and eat a water root. A boy played the water snake. He flicked sand at the people, pretending that he was squirting water on them. At last he jumped up and seized a victim and pretended to swallow it; at this point, the game ended.

36. Bleek, *The Naron*, p. 19.

Run, comrade, civilization is behind you!

- 1) Run barefoot through a meadow until you can run no longer.
- 2) Now sit down to rest and count the number of flowers between your toes.
- 3) Whoever has the most wins. Or loses. Or who gives a shit.



The *djani*, with which according to legend light was brought to the world, is fashioned from reed, guinea-fowl feathers, sinew and gum. Using sticks, the children flick it high into the air (1) Then, as it spins slowly to earth, they dart beneath it to catch a flick it up again.

Submitted by Oat straw

Children—Our Guardianship

This Journey-step is a beginning for me: With the coming of Zhingakwe's and my son, Wabineshi, I was asked to relearn the old honored ways of Walking in a sacred, balanced manner with children, and to pass this knowledge on to others who are, and will be, blessed with young to Walk beside.

In Family

We are given children to be their caretakers. They are not ours to do with as we choose; they are the sons and daughters of our greater family, of our People, and they are, as we are, children of The Great Mother. Our care of children is on behalf of our People, and as a caring arm of The Mother. When our relations with our children reflect that, we are not alone as parents. The Great Mother's nurturing, the Elder's understandings, and our Culture's traditions are there with us. It is to them that we deliver our children, so it is from them that we gather the heart and hand of their caretakership.

Children are a gift. They are sent to us as teachers; they are the Old Voices coming to us in new face. For those of us who walk in the Civilized Way, they bring back to us the things that were squelched when we left our childhood, such as inquisitiveness, forgiveness, Honor, and wonderment.

Old Way family units are usually larger than their Civilized counterparts. Grandparents and the parents' unwed sisters and brothers are often part of the family. This environment gives children the benefit of adult role models other than their biological parents. They have the opportunity to emulate and be influenced by adults with a variety of interests, perspectives, and character types, which provides for a healthy and growth-stimulating environment.

Grandparents often play a major role in the raising of children, sometimes as primary caretakers. They have the insights and patience that come with years, and they have the time, as they are no longer so involved with material sustenance and service. In some cultures, aunts and uncles who reside outside the family play a significant role also; they may even be known by the children as Mother and Father.

There are no orphans amongst the People. The extended family considers their relatives' children their own and welcome them without qualm or reservation.

Caretaking

We sophomores weren't expected to win our soccer game against the juniors, and we didn't. But it wasn't because we couldn't play better; it's because we played our role. Our starting lineup was comprised of our football and basketball standouts. I was a cross-country runner; I didn't have the rank of those whose sports had cheerleaders and homecoming dances. I started the game on the bench.

By midgame our score showed we had nothing to lose, so a few of us second-stringers were sent in to see some action. After a couple drives, I noticed that we could move the ball effectively up to about mid-field, then we'd lose spirit and just about give it to the juniors. It became obvious to me that there was some kind of unwritten law that we weren't supposed to outperform our upper-classmates—a law I wasn't going to accept.

So on the next three drives I moved the ball upfield to goal position single-handedly, but my team didn't move upfield with the ball to help make the score! I tried a pep talk, telling them that if I could move it upfield alone, think what we could do as a team! They didn't respond, still refusing to cross the invisible mid-field line. The humiliated juniors began "accidentally" kicking and punching me when the refs weren't looking. A play or two later and I was on the bench, sullen and misbelieving. The juniors trounced us, and I'd relearned another lesson in being Civilized.

This experience of mine illustrates one of the major affronts the Civilized Way perpetrates upon its children—peer groups. It commences in earnest at about age six; in short order it squelches the play of imagination, the direction of creative urges, the sound of Voices within, and the sensitivity to external powers and energies. It is the end of their short lives as individuals of Personal Power, and the beginning of their long lives as automatons.

Peer groups encourage children to reinforce in each other the quirks of their age, while at the same time not allowing for the diffusion of its traumas. It magnifies their age-dimensioned view of their reality. Schools are the primary agents in this process. By having children sit, think, walk, and urinate in unison, the schools create citizens suited to the routines of Civilized existence. (Churches, scout and other youth groups, daycare agencies, and other similarly structured organizations also contribute.) The peer pressure this system generates is its own regulating and conforming agent.

Native People encourage their little ones to play with others of varying ages. This gives them the opportunity to emulate older children and to be an inspiration to those younger. They learn responsibility and the skills of caring for and teaching others. Their shared time is a multi-dimensional experience, a microcosm of the life their play is preparing them for.

Native children often are considered shy by an outsider because they do not regularly look others in the eye when speaking to them (reasons given in "A Comparison" section of "The Old Way and Civilization" chapter).

When a Native child enters a room, she usually first travels it with her eyes to acquaint herself with it and its contents. A Civilized child generally goes immediately from place to place to investigate what interests her. This difference comes from the first year of their lives, when Civilized children are allowed to crawl and explore and Native children, in their cradleboards or hammocks, are propped or hung in an advantageous place to observe. This early training in centeredness and observation benefits Native children throughout their lives.

A cradle song from my childhood echoes the days of my ancestral past when our babies knew the cradleboard:

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle and all.

From the first, the role of the parents is to help their young develop the skills to become independent of them. Parents help best by not doing for their children what they can do themselves, even if it takes them considerably longer and/or they can't do it nearly as well as someone else.

Children of the Old Way are given an environment rich in love and attention. In general, they do not receive physical punishment. With less pressure to conform and more freedom of individual expression than their Civilized counterparts, there is less need for discipline. When it is deemed necessary, it is done within a supportive, caring context. It may take the form of withholding attention or affection, or it may be done by ridicule (see *Sensory Attunement* chapter).

Children work to create increasing autonomy and space about themselves for two reasons—self-survival and the dispersal of their kind. When children leave the shelter of their parents, they serve these needs best if they've developed the wherewithal to prosper on their own wits within the context of the common good, and to find new places to colonize or introduce the Gifts of their ancestry. In doing so they most effectively strengthen and contribute to their community.

When Civilized People label their youth as rebellious, disobedient, and strong willed, they are using subjective terms that show their cultures' lack of Respect and lack of engendering of the natural, beautiful, and necessary yearnings that aid their youth in becoming fully empowered, independent

adults. These terms speak of the judgementalism and repression their children walk with, and of the inadequacy and guilt they feel for their inner yearnings.

Children choose the safest, easiest place to work on developing their autonomy and attempt to do it with adults they trust. Although guiding a child's drive to independence can be challenging, it is a compliment and an Honor to be chosen to do so.

By choosing to be an active participant in their children's searchings, parents and their families are less likely to fall into the role of victim. The trusted parent can draw parameters-boundaries within which their children can choose what, when, and how to stretch their limits, express themselves, and release emotions in ways that are safe for them and not disruptive to those around them.

In balanced relationships with trusted parents (and other adults) of the other sex, children learn how to establish their identities, express themselves, and eventually be mates and/or friends with those of the other sex. Playing this role well allows parents to have good relationships with their grown children and gives the children a great chance for healthy relationships with their mates.

Native children live close to the means of their existence and help to provide it. Knowing the necessity and utility of their contributions, they willingly assist. Once when I saw a young girl being asked to help with something she was unfamiliar with, her father took the time to explain its significance, sacredness, and present necessity. Another time I heard a boy who was helping to gather Firewood being told how it would be used to cook supper and keep them warm for the night. He was shown how to give Thanks for the Wood, and it was explained how it was actually The Sun Father who warmed them through the Wood.

In the quiet of the evening, around a Fire, legends are given life by the voice of a respected Elder. Guised as entertainment, they bring teachings to the children. The fluorescence of Fire's coals and the rising of his flamed plume cast a magic-hypnotic trance. His calming, mesmerizing effect and the focal point he provides give the perfect mood and setting for the draw of the heart and the play of the imagination.

They learn early that the Circle is their protection. They imagine being in the center of a Circle when they feel threatened, and they may walk in a Circle to figure out a problem. It helps them to realize that all things are connected, and that they may well come around on their own answer. (For more on children see Healing chapter of Book III.)

Walking the Hoop

During the first half of the second world of their Hoop of Life, (birth to about age six) Native boys and girls receive similar care and guidance. Girls spend considerable time with their fathers, as do boys with their mothers, which gives the balancing influences of the other sex. After age six, they begin to gravitate toward older members of the same sex and become interested in their activities. Parents help by slowly beginning to disassociate themselves from their children of the other sex.

This deliberate distancing encourages children to seek other adults as role models, which helps to encourage multiple parenting and balance the inevitable influence of their parents' expectations and prejudices. It also lessens the shock of a parent's leaving or absence. (In seafaring cultures, for instance, long absences are common.) In the isolated nuclear families that have become the norm for much of the Civilized Way, a parent's leaving is a traumatic episode in the life of the children (as well as the spouse).

Girls enter the Third World of their Hoop (puberty) with their first Mooncycle. This marks their passage into womanhood—one of the most momentous times of their lives. How they conduct themselves at this time takes on great importance, as it is indicative of who they are becoming as individual women. They are the pride of their families and the admiration of their friends as they are initiated into the Moonlodge. There is usually ceremony to mark the event and perhaps the adoption of the clothing and hairstyle of the women of their People.

Boys' passage into manhood is marked less by their physical maturing and more by their performance as men. As with girls, ceremony and assuming some of the role and accoutrements of adults is a central part of their puberty rite. But the most sacred and significant act is the Dream Quest, which gives form and direction to their adult lives (see Vision chapter in Book II). The final marking of passage from beyond is the receiving of their new names (see Naming chapter in Book II), which will accompany them through adulthood.

Walking Back in Childhood

Childhood is the only time Civilized People are allowed to play—to play out their fantasies, to play at being the people they admire and the things and situations that bring them fulfillment and peace. It's O.K. then to listen to voices and speak to things that other people cannot hear or see. They can do and be what their parents won't allow them to do or be when they "grow up."

A journey back to early childhood puts us more in touch with who we really are than anything else we could consciously do. At that time our essential selves were uncluttered and near the surface. Spirit had life and was a constant companion; our eyes were yet clear enough, our throats were yet open enough that they could give sight and voice to the songs within us. Our Ancestors saw again, touched life again through us. The Life-Energy about us found praise and Honor in the clean depth and intensity of our childish ways.

The great Teachers tell us to be as little children. The Birds and the Wind sing us the same message in the way they live their essential Being. Perhaps peace and happiness come to us when we go back to where we left it.

Elders

Wayne Dennis, *The Hopi Child*

Charles Eastman, *Indian Child Life*

Frederic H. Douglas, *Main Types of Indian Cradles* (Denver Art Museum Leaflet 115, Sept. '52)

Sister Inez Hilger, *Chippewa Child Life and its Cultural Background*

Victor F. Lotrich, *Indian Terms for the Cradle and the Cradleboard* (Colorado Magazine, May '41, Vol. XVIII)

Wilfred Pelletier, *Childhood in an Indian Village*

Taro Yashima, *Crow Boy*

The Fast Trap Game

The fast trap game will teach children to quickly select the best trap location and to efficiently set that trap. Before the game begins, have all the children make the trap of their choice. Once all traps are made, have them sit down while you explain the rules. Once everyone understands the rules and the game, give the signal to start. Each child or group will go out onto the landscape, choose the trap location, and set the trap. When the children are finished, they should call out to you, and you will note who finishes first, second, and third. Once all the traps are completed, the whole group should go out and discuss each trap. Once again, it is not the first group to set the trap that wins, but the first group with the best trap.

Note: Never allow a set trap to be unattended, not even for a moment. Once you have inspected each of the traps, have them immediately dismantled.



"When I was little....I used to make dolls of rags and stuff them with manure and use sticks for legs. We made clay dolls and animals also. We didn't put them in a fire to make them hard, so they would fall to pieces after a while. We made lots of mud dolls with stones pushed into a slit made with sticks for eyes. We made a lot of mud dolls.

We had a lot of fun with all kinds of games. We played hockey with a stick and a ball and a goal. Our ball was made out of sticks. We shot bows and arrows and threw rabbit sticks at targets. My father made me a rabbit stick...but I wasn't very good with it. The old folks made little bows and arrows for us. Even the girls used them and learned to throw rabbit sticks. Some girls were good.

We used to make sticks for horses and ride those. We didn't have any toys to play with. We made our own things. We made clay horses sometimes to play with. Even now, as old as I am, some days I'll be going along and I'll see a puddle and bend down and make a face or an animal's head in the mud. Just model in the clay."

Delfina Cuero - Her Autobiography: An Account of Her Last Years and Her Ethnobotanic Contributions by Florence Connolly Shippek.



Obi playing with a horse and rider he made from two balls of dried dung

The Game of Life

by Eat the Moon

1. Game (n.) *an activity involving skill, chance or endurance played for amusement*
2. Game (n.) *the flesh of wild animals*

since the first sunrise, human beings have survived only with the help of game/s.

it has fed and nourished us around the fire. it has been shared with our elders and masticated for our toddlers. it has gifted us with the opportunity to improve our stalking, our listening, our watching. indeed our human-ness.

our senses coevolved with it and the various forms it embodied – feathered, scaled, and fur-bearing.

games have also helped release the pressures that inevitably arise when dwelling in a close-knit community. the raw, direct interaction between band members (without the civilized shield of false-faces) will naturally happen upon some conflict.

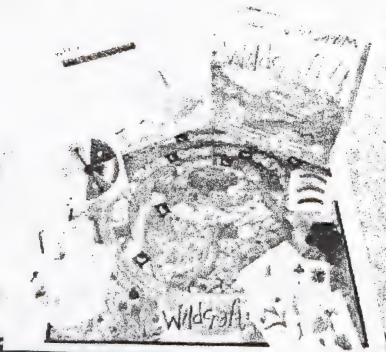
one way of alleviating these forms of stress is through games, both competitive and cooperative. minor feuds or disagreements are simply forgotten (or even settled) through playful activities.

if we are ever to return to the wild chaos that sleeps within us then regardless of whatever methods we use, we must also include game/s.

we can rewild physically with the aid of hunting and games requiring endurance. additionally, we can even rewild on a cellular level when we replenish our energy with the gifts of wild game. dead, domesticated food (including “organic” veggies grown in linear rows on mega-farms) cannot give us the energy required to break free (neither mentally/spiritually nor through physically attacking the structures of alienation).

we must fight hard *and* play hard.

and continue this game of life forever - keeping the mechanical civilized phoenix from re-arising on our feral playground.



Wildcraft! Is a cooperative board game that teaches kids 25 medicinal plants useful in both everyday use and survival situations. A captivating introduction into the amazing world of herbalism. Available from www.learningherbs.com

Knots (Fun and Games Session)

taken from *The Manual For Teaching Permaculture Creatively* by Earthcare Education (Robin Clayfield and Skye).


- Everyone stands in a tight circle, shoulders almost touching (in larger groups form a few circles - 8 to 16 per circle seems to work well).
- Both hands are raised in the air.
- On the signal all reach into the centre and take a hand in each hand but not the hand of an immediate neighbour, nor can anyone be holding both hands of another individual.
- Now unravel that!

Often groups can get out to a circle (with inevitably a few people facing outwards), but sometimes we have ended with two or three interlocked circles and other times the knot is simply insoluble but fun trying! (For these insoluble knots tell everyone to quickly let go hands, throw hands in air and shout Aaarh!)

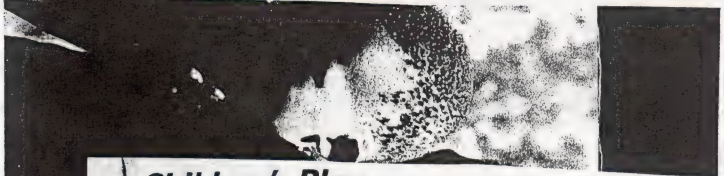


ASSINIBOIN. North Dakota. (Cat. no. 8498, United States National Museum.)


Set of four sticks of polished hickory. 15 1/2 inches in length, about 1 1/2 inches in diameter.




from A Children's Food Forest: An Outdoor Classroom by Carolyn Nuttall




Children's Play



A teacher can observe much about children's play in twenty years of playground duty. I have seen the pleasure that children can get from making roads in the dirt and driving their cars up and over the slopes. I have also seen the aimless roaming of other children who find nothing to do in the outdoors. What type of school-ground would provide play opportunities for all children?



Last century, the average Queensland child lived in a rural setting, attended a small country school and played outdoors after the family chores were done. Today, the average child lives in a suburban house or unit, attends a large city school and more than likely stays indoors after school to do homework, play or to watch a computer or television screen.



By comparing the school and home environments then and now, it is apparent that modern children have much less contact with the soil than their earlier counterparts. The typical child today lives on a suburban block, which is likely to be landscaped and turfed to its edges

and travels on bitumen roads to a school with extensive asphaltting of play areas. It may be that this child rarely touches the soil. His or her experience of contact with the earth may be limited to special occasions such as school camps, excursions and family outings.

We would not lament the loss of this contact with the earth were it not for the fact that the city too is changing. Fewer opportunities are available for city children to play in a natural setting as bushland is converted to housing estates, vacant lots built on and creeks are drained and concreted. The natural bush landscape close to children's homes is disappearing, and with it a whole dimension to their lives.

There are other constraints. Free roaming on the weekend, a popular childhood activity of the past, is no longer permissible for safety reasons. Gone is the time to explore the local area, play in the creek and search for bush foods – perhaps to find a china apple tree with ripe “chonkies”. Urban children in many areas have lost the opportunity to venture off, as their parents might



16 Rosary Crescent
Highgate Hill
Brisbane 4101
Queensland Australia

have done. They are restricted to home and close neighbourhood which may not contain what is important to a child – the playthings of the natural environment: the sticks and stones, the water and dirt, the plants and animals of a bush landscape.

What are the consequences for a child who has lost this opportunity? We could expect such children to have limited understanding and weak connections to nature. If his or her knowledge of nature's rhythms and laws is diminished, so may be the sense of responsibility. Still more damaging is the potential loss in the area of emotional learning. The child might come to "know" the natural world through the lessons of classroom science, but may not learn how to "feel" an emotional connection to the outdoors. The modern urban child may be foregoing the real experience of knowing nature, through play, for a mere bookish simulation instead.

If it is important for a child to value the earth and if this is best achieved through "real" contact with the soil, then this connection needs to be strengthened. If we want our children to value the environment, to be responsible for their

actions and aware of the consequences, then schools need to contribute to this re-connection.

Schools can provide significant outdoor experiences for children. Excursions and camping experiences form the basis of most outdoor education programs in schools today. They offer children valuable direct experiences with the natural environment. The problem is that away-from-school trips can be expensive and are limited to a few a year. A practical and less costly alternative might be to provide more environmental experiences for students in their own school setting. This means looking at school grounds in a very different way.

School grounds could be more than just spaces for physical education, eating and recess-time play. This space could offer that strong re-connection with nature. It could be a valuable resource that gives children wide and varying outdoor experiences as part of their daily activity. Children could be immersed in outdoor learning, working with the elements of nature on a specially designed campus. They could build connections to the environment and learn the values of earth care at school.

The Blindfold Trap Game

The object of this game is to have children set up a simple deadfall trap blindfolded. The weight used for the deadfall should be very light, so if the children make a mistake, they will not get their fingers crushed. I find that Styrofoam blocks tend to work the best. Have all the children sit in one area with their trap sticks and deadfall weights directly in front of them. After the group blindfolds themselves, have them begin to set their traps, upon your signal. The winner of the game is the child who sets the first and best trap.

Note: You will find this game teaches children to work with their hands in the dark. Working in darkened conditions is sometimes a must in a real survival situation.

Many sites could be developed, as many as nature itself offers – wattle groves, rainforests, wetlands, edible plants, scented gardens, wilderness areas, wildlife corridors. Areas could be set aside for children to play with water, scramble over rocks, climb low-branching trees. Imagine places where they could make their own play things – roads and swings, cubby houses and secret spots – integrating the stones, sticks, soil and plants into their play and work. And there could be animals, birds and butterflies, chickens and geese. Visualise nature trails, tadpole breeding ponds, forests of trees, places to explore and hide, quiet places to sit and think.

In the future children might come to school not only to learn core subjects but also to learn something more fundamental. They might come to school for contact with a natural world.

It is up to us to make some important decisions. We need to analyse what we put into school grounds. There may be budget constraints and there will certainly be health and safety issues to

consider. But with some low-cost solutions and built-in risk management, areas of the school yard could be developed into significant natural places for children to experience an early and frequent contact with nature.

Let us give the school grounds back to the children. It may be a poor substitute for the creek through the “real bush” where their parents played, but for the urban child, we can make their school grounds the most important place in the world.



The Fast Water Game

To play the fast water game, divide the children into small groups or individuals. Provide each group or child with a cup and a 4 feet x 4 feet piece of clear plastic, and have everyone sit down in one general location. At your signal, the children should go out onto the landscape, pick a good location for a solar still, and build the still. When the still is completed, have the children return to camp. Once all the children are assembled, go to each solar still as a group and discuss that still and its location. The winner of the game is the first child, or group, that gets a full cup of water from the solar still. Thus, it is not the fastest built solar still that wins here, but the fastest-working solar still. This will not only teach the children to build a good solar still but also to select the best location.



What matters is to awaken in ourselves this spirit of co-operation, this feeling of joy in being and doing together, without any thought of reward or punishment. Most young people have it spontaneously, freely, if it is not corrupted by their elders.

- J. Krishnamurti

from Food Not Lawns by Heather Flores

12. The Next Generation

The best skill of a good leader is to bring out the leadership qualities in others. For we are all leaders. Every parent is a leader, and every child can become one.

—Graham Bell

Integrating Sector C

Conventional design is predominantly anti-child. Sharp edges, hard surfaces, high windows, toxic environments: These are just a few examples of the exclusion of children from our surroundings. Even if you don't have any children, if you want to build an ecological community you must include the special needs of young people in your observations and planning. Still, many would-be ecological gardens and homesites fail to consider the factors and influences in "Sector C."

The best way to ensure that our projects and designs meet the needs of children is to include them in every level of our work, from goal setting to design and implementation. Even if you are not a parent and have no plans of becoming one, chances are you know someone with children who would appreciate some help, and you might benefit from diversifying the age group of your peers.

All types of projects, in the garden and in the community, benefit greatly from the inclusion of children. Children can contribute fresh ideas and comic relief and add new dimensions to any project. In addition, including children opens up projects to a much wider diversity of participants. Many adults are parents and are much more likely to attend an event to which they can bring their children. Often single parents find it difficult or impossible to attend workshops or community events that exclude children, and by making the extra effort to provide opportunities for children you may double or even triple the attendance.

Not only do projects benefit from having children participate, but the children themselves reap lasting rewards from the inclusion. These rewards include learning about plants, nature, and



Every ecological home and garden should consider the needs and virtues of "sector C."



food, getting more exercise, and developing a stronger work ethic. Children feel empowered through contributing meaningful work and learn to be lifelong learners through witnessing adults sharing skills.

Often children who are included in community projects grow up to initiate projects of their own, and this exponential effect spreads ideas and resources into future generations. Whether you are hosting a community event or just looking for ways to include your own children, here are some effective ways to integrate children into your projects. These range from simply offering child care at community events to organizing projects specifically for younger people.

Schedule with Children in Mind

Schedule meetings and events earlier in the day so that people who have to go to bed early, like children and parents, can attend. Also, plan things for weekends and during school vacations, rather than when children are busy with school. You can also go into the schools to do gardens and other projects; I'll get to that in a minute.

Reach Out to Children and Parents

Go back through your outreach tools and strategies and see how you can make them more welcoming to families. Advertise a child-inclusive policy in flyers, websites, and press releases. Just a few words inviting parents to bring their children can clear up any doubts a wary participant might have about coming.

When you build it, they will come, so follow through and be ready for the explosion of youthful energy, not to mention the potential distractions that come with having children around. Which brings me to the next item.

Provide Child Care

When organizing workshops, seed swaps, and especially multiple-day events, such as a course or conference, be sure to include some sort of plan for child care. Most existing projects assume that the parents will provide their own child care. If you choose to go this route, it's okay, but with a little extra effort you can provide or help organize child care.

The simplest alternative would be to bring a big blanket, a box of toys, books, and art supplies, and pile them up in a soft corner somewhere. The next level would be to hire someone or ask a qualified volunteer to come to staff that space, with the special intention of playing with children at the event. A little more effort can spark a child-care cooperative, where parents take turns providing care during an ongoing series of events.

A simple child-care co-op might work like this: All of the parents have a short meeting in which people choose a safe, central location where the children can hang out and sign up for child-care shifts during an upcoming workshop or event. Sometimes shifts will rotate several times during an event. It is a good idea to keep the children close by, in case something comes up and a parent is needed.

Setting up child care that is a part of, but a bit removed from, the workshop or event is usually the best option when very small children who might not be physically able to participate in the project itself are involved. However, this still creates a situation where the children are kept separate from everyone else, and I think the next strategy makes much more sense.



Designing with Children

Children can participate in all aspects of a project design, whether it is a home system or a community project. I'll use the Gobrads design process from chapter 7 to illustrate this point. Every stage of the design process has a spot for children:

Goals: The needs of children absolutely must be included in this phase. If you have children, or if children will ever visit your home or garden, you will need to consider their needs and potential ways of using the site. It is much easier to design with everyone's needs in mind than to change people's behavior to conform to a design that did not address their concerns.

Observation: Children often see much more than adults do. Their minds are not clouded by the logic and pragmatism of adulthood, and they can see potential that we may dismiss as unrealistic or impossible. Also, children are at a different eye level and see many things that we literally overlook. Let them look, smell, and listen for details, and encourage them to write down or draw what they discover.

Boundaries: Children fit into small places, and their ideas about boundaries, whether physical or other-

wise, can help shape a design. A small, seemingly useless corner of the yard could be a fort or secret garden. Children can also help with mapping and measuring a site. In addition, they often help expand the cultural boundaries of a project, because they are less prone to preconceived notions about race, class, gender, or similar issues.

Resources: Just as one person's trash can be another's treasure, resources that you may not see as useful could be a gold mine to your children. Tiny pieces of scrap lumber make great building blocks; discarded books and magazines can be turned into a plethora of fun projects, such as mosaics, beads, origami, or papier-mâché birdhouses. In addition, the children themselves are a wonderful resource of help and ideas, and other parents often make excellent volunteers.

Analysis: Asking children their opinion is key to a holistic design. They will provide you with a range of ideas based on their own needs and perceptions, and these ideas will greatly increase the diversity and resilience of your projects. Their young minds can be surprisingly analytical, and they can help develop

Suggest Meaningful Work for Children²

Many communities deny children the opportunity to contribute to the necessary work of their community. They are supposed to be little sponges, soaking up what we choose to teach them and playing sports until they grow up, at which point we expect them to immerse themselves in a useful role and contribute to society. To this end school and work are separated into two distinct activities, and some of the most necessary jobs, such as mothering and gardening, are not considered work at all because they do not generate money.

In my experience children want to participate. If they can talk, they can contribute ideas. If they can think, they can work. Don't assume a seven-year-old can't engage fully in a garden or community project. Indeed, children can hold leadership positions, make executive deci-

new methods and criteria for analyzing your data and resources.

Design: Children can be asked to draw sample designs, and groups of children, if empowered to collaborate on a design project, will learn to work with others toward a common goal. They can also provide fresh insight into patterns and combinations. Children love to do overlay designs with tracing paper and colored pencils, and you may be amazed at the accuracy with which they can create a workable model. It also seems important to note that children often use different paths and engage in different patterns than the adult users of a site; if you have children around, it is prudent and indeed necessary to include these paths and patterns in your design.

Implementation: Children can help implement a project in a multitude of good ways. Work should be age-appropriate, for safety reasons, but give them ample opportunities to challenge themselves. Look at your own list of tasks and ask yourself what you need help with. Ask children what they want to do rather than simply assigning tasks

and chores. Tasks that are easily accomplished by children include taking pictures, building compost, sowing and collecting seeds, rooting cuttings, watering, organizing tools, painting signs, feeding chickens, making pottery, and spreading mulch, to name but a few.

Maintenance/monitoring: Send the children around the garden with a checklist to monitor the progress of young plants or document fruit production. Children will often notice if something needs to be changed or adjusted before adults do. Ask them to note and suggest improvements, and listen earnestly to their advice.

Evaluation: Bringing children of all ages into your garden or home and asking them to evaluate it is an excellent way to come up with a diverse set of opinions on how well your system works. Children are usually brutally honest and will often take the path of least resistance. Even just letting a group of children run amok for a few hours is an excellent way to find the natural paths on your site, and their input will undoubtedly inspire your own evaluative process.

sions, and raise most of the money. Ask young people (not the parents) what they want to do, what they are interested in, how they feel they can contribute, and what they need to learn to do so. Then help them in whatever way makes sense for you.

That's not to say we should burden our children with hard physical labor as soon as they're out of the cradle! But we should harvest their abundance of creative energy, respectfully, for the good of the whole. The quickest way to repel children from gardening or anything else is to strap them into a steady regimen of rules, regulations, and drudgery. Find something fun and useful for them to do, and ask whether it interests them.

A great way to empower children is by letting them design and execute their own projects. Provide guidance, but do not supervise. Let

them envision and manifest their own ideas, regardless of whether they seem valuable or useful to adults. Give them as much freedom as safety will allow; teach them ways to make decisions and collaborate with other children, but try not to influence their choices. This last concept can be very difficult for many adults to master, but I think you will find that your relationship with children will truly blossom when you invite them to bring their own ideas to fruition. See the sidebar on pages 288–289 for ways to include children in each step of the Gobradsme design process.

Allowing children to choose and engage in meaningful tasks teaches them that their contribution is useful and necessary and empowers them to create roles for themselves in the community. Which brings me to my next and most heartfelt suggestion.

Treat Children as Peers

Parents (especially mothers) are usually held responsible for the actions of their children. If a child is rude, violent, or unruly, the parents are blamed. When a parent lives in fear of being judged according to her child's behavior, she is forced into a position of authority and control.

If children grow up around authority and control, they learn to be controlling authoritarians. And while it is parents who choose to make children and care for them—or sadly, sometimes not—it is the responsibility of the entire community to create an environment that will encourage children to grow into happy, creative adults. When we see children as peers, not inferior or superior to anyone else because of their age or size but simply occupying their own individual niches in the cycle, then we come closer to an egalitarian, ecological community.

When you interact with a child, pay careful attention to how those interactions are different from those with adults. For example, do you find yourself ignoring the child, changing the tone of your voice, or telling the child what to do—behavior that would be considered very rude if done to an adult? If you do these things, stop. The children I've worked with resent being treated differently just because they are younger. They want to feel comfortable asking questions if they need to and trusted that they can learn and understand anything just as well as you or me.

When children can count on only other children to treat them as equals, they learn to distrust adults and to feel inferior. While it may be

necessary to choose vocabulary words that a child can understand, she will respond with more enthusiasm to questions posed in a mature and egalitarian manner. Treat her as a person of less experience, not of less intelligence. Some cultures believe that each new child is wiser than the last, and that children in general are wiser than older people, because they were more recently in contact with the ethereal, cosmic whole.

There will inevitably be times when children exhibit extreme behavior, in the form of a tantrum or by being verbally or physically abusive to others. As discussed in the preceding chapter, adults also sometimes act out in these ways. The natural inclination, in either case, is to shut them down, either by asking them to leave or by forcing the parents to handle the situation. However, if we can see these extreme acts as a call for support rather than a cause for expulsion, and if we can address them as a group rather than isolating the individual, then we will be well on our way to building stronger communities and better lives for everyone, of all ages.

Gardening with Children

One of the best places to connect with children is in the garden. Gardens are full of wonder, and wonder is what leads to knowledge. I remember the first time I gardened with my friend Jasper, who was two at the time. He was sitting next to me, playing in the warm, spongy soil while I weeded a thick patch of overwintered carrots. It was a warm day in early May, and I noticed the edge of a plump young carrot bulging out of the ground. I asked Jasper to watch, and I yanked on the stem. The brilliant orange root burst from the soil, and Jasper's eyes nearly burst out of his



Gardening with children helps instill in them a lifelong ecological ethic.

little face as he exclaimed, "Carrot!" The next ten times I saw him he wanted to eat carrots, and by the time he was four he was working in the garden by my side, planting and weeding carrots of his own.

The first time a child eats vegetables fresh from the garden, her connection with food changes forever. Even a small garden can be a mini adventure park to children, where their imaginations can run wild. In my experience children who visit and participate in farms and gardens are much more willing to eat a wider variety of fruits and vegetables, and of course this improved diet leads to a whole lifetime of better physical and mental health.

When children are included in ongoing garden projects, they blossom right along with the flowers and are soon contributing new ideas and garden designs of their own. Children are often more open to a deep connection with nature than adults are, and you may find that your children are teaching you far more than you are teaching them. Children can help bridge the gap between adults and nature. They can be the ambassadors of the plant world, helping us renew our connection with nature and reminding us of the childlike mind we once enjoyed.

Obviously, while children take great joy in eating directly from the garden, you must educate them about potentially toxic plants. First of all, no garden that may have children in it should ever be sprayed with pesticides, herbicides, or chemical fertilizers. These poisons leave residues for years, and children's small bodies are highly susceptible to such toxins. Second, many edible plants have poisonous parts, such as the leaves of tomatoes and potatoes. These wonderful plants should not be excluded from the garden, but children should be taught always to ask an adult before eating anything new.

Here are some fun and educational ways to share nature with children of all ages. Some of these projects can occur in space of any size; others assume you can find a small plot of land on which to garden.

Make a Discovery Kit

In my favorite children's gardening book, *Roots, Shoots, Buckets & Boots*³ author Sharon Lovejoy recommends putting together an "explorer's kit" for children that includes an assortment of tools for learning about the garden. What follows is my expanded version, based on my own favorite tools. This simple kit can be made up of mostly recycled mate-



Make a discovery kit for yourself and your children.

rials and will fit into a shoe box or a lunch box. Gardeners of all ages can take their discovery kit anywhere: on a farm visit, to summer camp, or just into the backyard to help them discover and learn about the wonders of the natural world.

Here are some things to include:

- A magnifying glass or hand lens, for looking deep into flowers and getting a close-up view of bugs and other garden finds
- A flashlight, for peeking down gopher holes and for night-time adventures
- A ruler or measuring tape, for comparing sizes and monitoring the growth of young plants
- Paper bags and small jars with lids, for collecting specimens
- A supply of small envelopes, for collecting seeds
- A pencil, for labeling seed envelopes and other specimens with the date and location
- A handful of garden markers, for labeling new discoveries in the field
- A journal, for recording observations and inspirations
- A stethoscope (if available), for listening to trees (hear them drink!) and underground critters

Make a Garden Coloring Book or Children's 'Zine

If you don't have a space to garden with children, they can still learn about the plants that provide our food by making a food-plants coloring book or informative children's gardening 'zine.

Try this example: Next time you go to the grocery store, have the children make a list of as many different types of food plants as they can find. Read ingredients lists, look in the ethnic food aisle; there are twenty-five thousand edible plants known to humans—how many can *you* think of? Next, get the children to draw pictures of the plants and write captions about where they come from, how to use them, and anything else that seems relevant. Have them draw the pictures in black ink, then photocopy the pictures and assemble them into coloring books, one for each child. Make extra copies to give to friends or send to family members.

Make a Plant Press

Make a simple plant press with two small wooden boards, cardboard, waxed paper, four wing-nut bolts (each five-eighths of an inch), and some ribbon. Cut the boards to make the outside ends of the press. It doesn't matter if they are five by seven inches or eight by ten, but they need to be the same size as each other. Decorate these ends with paint, crayons, or pressed flowers under tape. Drill holes in each corner, and insert the wing-nut bolts. The length of your bolts will determine the maximum thickness of your press. Cut several pieces of cardboard to make dividers, and label one for each new plant family or genus you collect.

Now cut several sheets of waxed paper to double the size of the dividers, and fold them over to make flat envelopes for the leaves, flowers, and sprigs you collect. Attach ribbons to the sides to wrap around and hold everything in, and tighten down the wing nuts as needed to press the plants. Attach a pencil to a string so you can label each new specimen.

Save your favorite specimens
in a plant press.



Start a Bug Farm

An old aquarium tank can be turned into an educational display by filling it with organic compost and adding assorted bugs and worms from the garden and compost. Start by filling a medium-sized tank two-thirds full with moist compost that is about half finished. Cover the compost with a thin layer of regular garden dirt.

This project doesn't work very well with store-bought compost or potting soil, so if you don't have a compost pile or a yard, perhaps you can get a small amount of compost and dirt from a neighbor or community garden nearby. It is a good idea to put a ventilated cover over the bug farm to keep the critters from escaping and keep out cats and birds. Many tanks come with lids, but you can also make a good cover with some cheesecloth and an elastic cord.

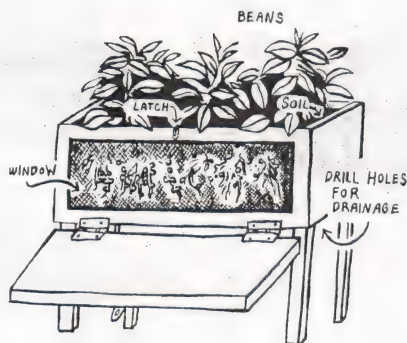
Next, cut holes in the lids of several small jars and go out and collect as many different types of worms and bugs as you can find. An old spoon works great as a tool to pick up the little critters if you or the children are squeamish. Put the bugs in the tank and place it in a cool, shady spot. Now the most important thing is to mist it daily with fresh water.

Over the next few days and nights the critters will begin organizing themselves into a living, interactive community. Worms will burrow into the soil, beetles will munch happily away at tiny pieces of debris, and hidden seeds will sprout on the surface of the soil. Watch as the critters decompose the organic matter and interact with one another to build soil and perpetuate life. Unless you drilled drainage holes in the bottom of your tank, your bug farm will last only a short time before it starts to smell bad and become imbalanced. At this point return the soil and critters to the compost pile and start a new bug farm.

Make a Legume Nodule Box

A great way to learn about how legumes fix nitrogen in the soil is to make an observation box. The children's garden at the University of California-Santa Cruz has one of these, and visitors of all ages love to peek at the knobby, nitrogen-fixing bacteria colonies while they grow. Use scrap wood and an old window to build a planter box with one side that you can see through. The box should be at least twelve inches deep and should have plenty of drain holes in the bottom.

A living observation box like this legume nodule display allows us to witness the living soil.



Using plywood and hinges, make a door to cover the window side so that it opens up- or downward, like a bread box. Mount the box a few feet up, at a child's eye level. Fill it with soil and plant fava beans, clover, lupine, and other legumes. As the plants grow you can open the door and peek at the nitrogen-fixing bacteria nodules growing on the roots of the legumes you planted. Notice how different types of legumes produce different sizes or shapes of nodules. Be sure to close the door when you're not observing, because too much light will kill off the roots and beneficial bacteria.

Visit Local Farms

A single field trip to an organic farm or garden will help instill a natural ethic, which will encourage the child to live a more responsible, environmentally aware lifestyle. Children and adults alike will benefit from seeing firsthand where their fruits, vegetables, eggs, meat, and dairy products are grown and processed. A few hours on a farm can generate memories that the child will recall for many years and may provide the inspiration for the child to pursue a career in science, agriculture, land conservation, or ecological living.

To organize a farm visit, go to a local farmer's market or organic food cooperative and ask for contacts at local organic farms. Then call the farmers and ask whether there is a good time to bring a group of children out for a tour. Many farmers are quite open to this sort of thing, and some may already be hosting school or church groups. Tours usu-



A few hours on an organic farm can change a child's life forever.

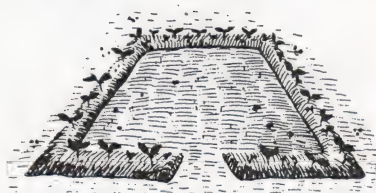
ally last one to three hours; some farms ask for a nominal per-person donation to help defray the costs of showing you around and letting the children harvest produce to take home.

You may find that you have several farms to choose from. Consider going to all of them, because each place will have something different to offer. One farm may have long rows of vegetables and greenhouses full of salad greens or flowers, while another might host free-range cows and chickens or a few acres of yummy raspberries. Wherever you go, be sure to bring snacks, sunscreen, mud boots, drinking water, and a camera, and be prepared to bring home a plethora of new ideas.

It is also very interesting to visit commercial food production facilities. Giving yourselves an opportunity to compare commercial practices with organic ones will help solidify your goals and may strengthen your resolve to eat and grow organic food. However, industrial farms can be extremely toxic, and many practices, especially those at dairy and meat facilities, can be quite horrible to witness, so please take these things into serious consideration before exposing your children to them.

Plant a Living Playhouse

Just after the last spring frost, mulch or till a small area, from five feet by five feet to six by eight. Scratch in either a square or circular furrow and fill it with the seeds of sunflowers, runner beans, and annual morning glories. Be sure to leave an opening for a door, and scatter white clover seeds all around the rest of the mulched area.

*May**July*

Plant a living playhouse with sunflowers and annual morning glories.

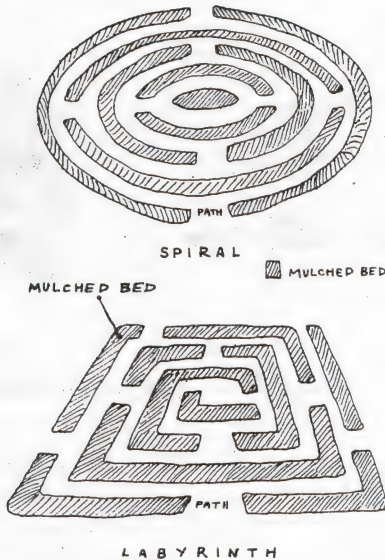
Soon you will see the sunflowers and other plants emerge. Thin the sunflowers to about one every eight inches, and keep a few bean and morning glory plants between. These will climb up the sunnies and eventually will meet at the top, forming a ceiling for the playhouse, which will by then have a carpet of clover and walls made of sunflower stalks. This makes a great shady hideout for children and adults alike, and the multicolored flowers make a brilliant contribution to the landscape, attract beneficial insects, and produce food.

Get Lost in a Living Maze

You may be able to find a good maze on a local farm, especially during the fall when many small towns boast a haunted corn maze. With a little planning, you can also plant your own corn or flower maze. An age-old tradition, living mazes and garden labyrinths provide a delightful diversion from regular garden work and give people of all ages a chance to literally get lost in the plants. You can find hundreds of maze designs in books at your local library, or you can design your own on a sheet of graph paper. A multiple-ring design is relatively easy to create, and it adds an alluring circular focal point to the garden.

Once you have a basic design, stake it out in the garden using small rebar pegs or bamboo poles, with string between them to simulate the walls. Don't forget to make lots of dead ends and leave plenty of openings to make the maze extra confusing! Now till or mulch the beds (the walls of the maze). The beds should be eighteen to twenty-four inches wide, with two- to three-foot-wide paths between.

Two ideas for simple maze gardens



You can grow the "walls" with any combination of plants, but those with straight stalks such as corn, sunflowers, and sorghum usually work best. To grow a permanent maze, try planting boxwood, bamboo, or raspberries. Alternatively, plant Jerusalem artichokes for a seasonal maze that grows all summer and provides tasty tubers through the winter.

Grow a Scratch-and-Sniff Garden

Growing food and sharing surplus with the community are important educational experiences for children. Children love to learn about bugs and plants, to eat fresh food from the garden, and to see beautiful flowers. They also like to touch soft, fuzzy leaves and smell sweet or pungent plants. Many people are kinesthetic learners, and touching things helps stimulate their minds. So why not plant a garden that caters to the senses of touch and smell? Rose campion, lamb's ears, mullein, and comfrey all have wonderful fuzzy leaves, and children will spend hours touching the tiny hairs and comparing textures. Sensitive plant (*Mimosa pudica*) is also a great choice for a kinesthetic garden because the leaves fold up when touched. Be careful of the tiny thorns!

For the sniffing garden, plant lavender, lemon verbena, thyme, rosemary, peppermint, lemon balm, and pennyroyal. Many of these plants release their wonderful pungent aroma in full force when you scratch the surface of the leaf. In fact, most plants in the mint family (Lamiaceae) have either fuzzy leaves or strong fragrances, or both. And be sure to add sweet-smelling classics from other families such as geranium, jasmine, lilies, gardenia, and hyacinth.

Open a Butterfly Buffet

Children love butterflies, and what better way to learn about pollination than to grow a butterfly garden? Even a small container garden can provide shelter and food for a wide range of butterflies and other important pollinators, and a two-thousand-square-foot space can hold enough plants to provide nectar to thousands of butterflies and other beneficial insects.

Plants that butterflies love include lavender, lantana, buddleia, willow trees, thistle, zinnias, daylilies, coreopsis, cinquefoil, dogbane, and black-eyed Susans.⁴ And of course no butterfly garden would be complete without milkweed, which provides essential food for endangered monarch butterflies. There are many species of milkweed; most are relatively easy to grow from seed and have exceptionally beautiful flowers.

Plant a Birthday Tree

As a child I received a cherry tree for my birthday, and we planted it in the front yard. We moved away shortly after, but many years later I drove past the house and the tree was still there; it had grown to about thirty feet in height and was loaded with juicy red fruit! Tree planting is a good way to teach children about ecology and about the longevity of the forest. Some people get a live Christmas tree every year, then plant it out.

Whether you choose fruit trees or conifers, you can enhance the landscape while giving gifts that are an excellent alternative to other options such as plastic toys and video games. Trees last much longer than any child's attention span for toys, and they will provide shade, food, and habitat for humans and other animals for many years.

Start a School Garden Project

Many people recognize the benefits of gardening with children, and as a result many elementary and high schools are starting garden projects.

These gardens are usually created by a group of volunteers, often parents, who set up the garden and sometimes train teachers to use gardening to enhance their regular curriculum. Free seeds, plants, and tools can be found by reaching out to parents for donations. In addition, private and federal grant funding for ecological education is often available.

Many schools have a green space that would make an excellent garden, and even very urban schools can usually host a container garden on a section of the blacktop outside. Students gain valuable insight into nature by interacting with the plants and soil; they also learn how to grow food and can provide fresh organic fruits and vegetables to the school cafeteria.

Some schools have large garden programs, while others have just a few planter boxes. Schools in Australia are "learnscaping" school grounds: planting food forests, increasing shade, and developing soft, child-friendly play spaces. Sharing nature with children can be as small or as large a project as you like, depending on the available resources.

In Eugene organic farmer John Sundquist has installed nine gardens for Head Start of Lane County, a low-income public preschool program. He hosts school visits to his farm, River's Turn, in Coburg, Oregon, where he tends thirty-three acres, including ten acres of seed crops, extensive fruit and nut orchards, and more than fifty kinds of bamboo. See the sidebar on page 304 for some of Farmer John's ideas for school gardens.

Favorite Plants for Children's Gardens

No treatise on gardening with children would be complete without a short list of good plants to start with. By no means an exhaustive selection of great plants for children to grow, the following twelve plants can all be direct-sown, grow quickly and easily, and are fun to harvest for food, cut flowers, or seeds.

Corn. Popcorn is always a hit with children, and many varieties grow quite well in a home garden. There is also a vast array of interesting Indian corns available, in a rainbow of beautiful colors. Sweet corn is another option, and nothing compares to a fresh ear right out of the garden as a refreshing snack on a September day.



Gourds. Small gourds grow fast and dry easily to make rattles or small bottles and containers. Large gourds need a longer growing season but make a magnificent addition to the garden; they can be dried and made into birdhouses, bowls, and musical instruments.

Nasturtiums. The leaves, flowers, and immature seeds of nasturtiums are edible and also repel certain insect pests, making them great companion plants. Trailing varieties are a nice addition to a bean tepee or sunflower house, and the bright flowers are a delight to children and adults alike.

Potatoes. Because potatoes can be grown by just throwing them on the ground and tossing some straw on top, they are great fun to raise with children. Also try planting them in a bag or crate: Just fill it one-third of the way with soil, toss in some spuds, and cover with leaves or straw. As the shoots emerge, add more mulch, and in a few months you will have a bagful of fresh sweet spuds to eat.

Pumpkins. Large or small, pumpkins and other squash are a favorite for children of all ages. Giant varieties, such as 'Dill's Atlantic Giant', can grow to up to two hundred pounds and make excellent jack-o'-lanterns. Smaller types are more manageable for small hands and can also be carved or used to make pie, stew, or bread. Some varieties are grown primarily for their seeds, which are a healthy snack and have been known to prevent intestinal worms.

Try making pumpkin tattoos: Use a nail to scratch children's names or little drawings into the skin of immature pumpkin fruits. Be careful not to go too deep—just scratch the surface. When the fruit is mature, the name will appear as a healed scar on the surface, and the finished product will last months longer than a carved pumpkin.

Hide-and-Seek Using Natural Shelter

Essentially this game is played much like the original game of hide-and-seek, but it stresses the use of natural shelter. You will find that the game teaches children to find natural shelter quickly as well as to choose the best shelter the area has to offer. The object of the game is to have the children run out onto the landscape and hide, not only from the parent or instructor, but from the weather. They should choose the deepest recesses of brush piles, rock outcroppings, and other natural shelters. The winner of the game is the last child found by the instructor. Usually the best hiding places are the best natural shelters.



Radishes. Radishes are great for children because they grow very fast and can be planted in just about any space, even a small container. The brightly colored roots are ready to eat in just over a month and can be carved into rosettes or other designs.

Scarlet Runner Beans. Jack and his beanstalk are legendary to many children, and while there are no boy-eating giants at the top of most beanpoles, runner beans are fast growing and produce brilliant red and orange flowers. The seeds are large and speckled purple and can be eaten, replanted, or used for a variety of craft projects, like beads or mosaics.

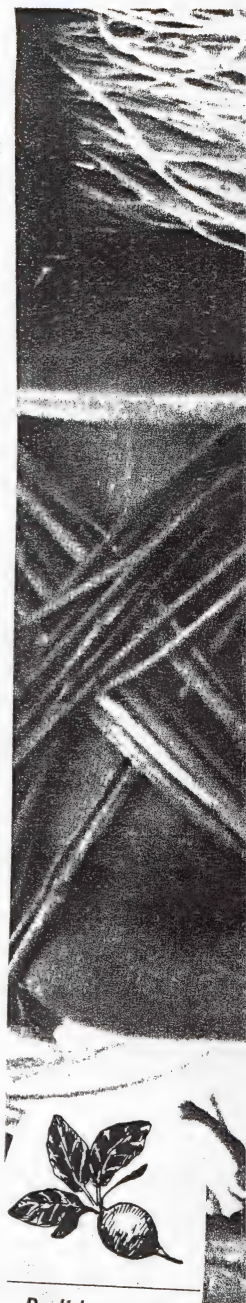
Strawberries, Raspberries, Blueberries . . . Need I say more? Children love to hunt through the berry patch for a juicy snack, and when they've planted it themselves they feel a sense of pride and accomplishment with every bite.

Sunflowers. They come in many colors, from yellow to orange, white, red, and even tiger-striped. Tall or short, large or small, sunflowers are easy to grow and are a must for any children's garden. The cut flowers last several days, and seeds provide protein and amino acids for young bodies and wild birds alike.

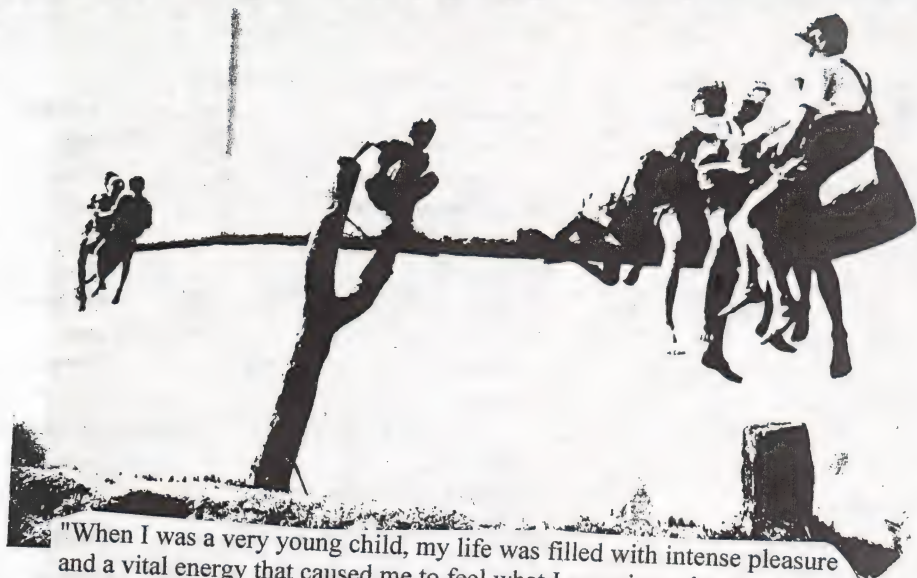
Tulips. Give a child a small shovel and a bagful of tulip bulbs, and when spring comes you will have a yard full of surprises. Tulip flowers are edible and quite delicious, and they help attract beneficial insects into the garden. The general rule for planting bulbs is to bury them twice as deep as they are long, with the pointy end up.

Turnips. Maybe it doesn't seem like turnips would be a hot item in the children's garden, but many varieties grow to be quite large and can be carved and stuffed for a delicious baked meal. John Sundquist grows lots of turnips at his farm, and the children who come out for tours love to see the giant purple, orange, and white roots jutting out of the ground. Fresh turnips smell wonderful, are an excellent source of fiber, and are known to reduce cholesterol.

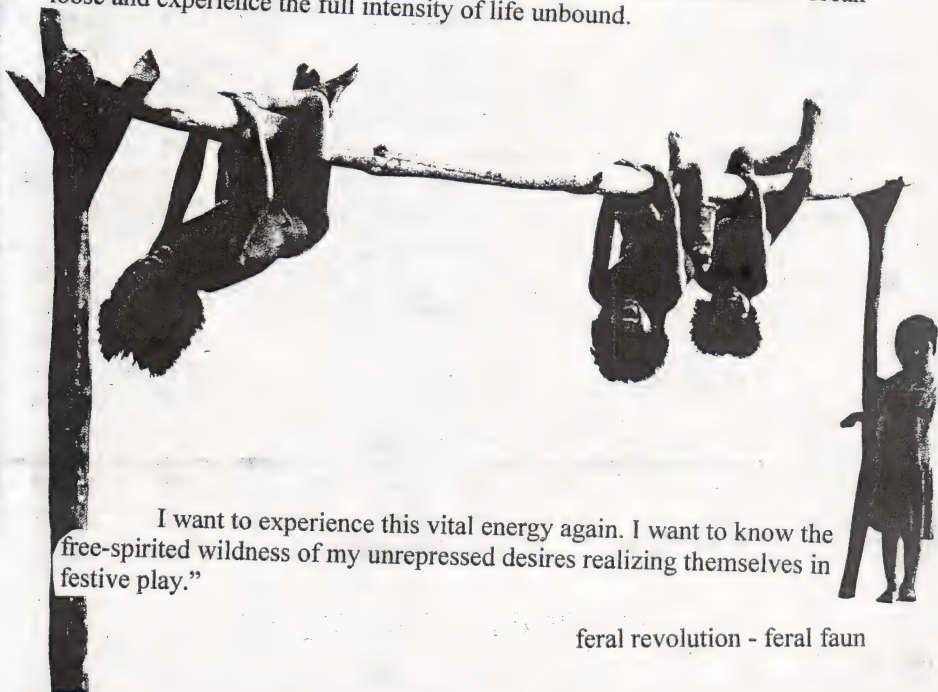
Zinnias. Last but far from least, zinnias come in every color of the rainbow and are one of my personal favorite plants of all time. They bloom when they reach about three feet in height, just the right height for young eyes and noses to enjoy. One of the many beautiful gifts from Mexico to our gardens, zinnias make excellent cut flowers and can last weeks if you change the water every few days.



Radishes can be planted in the smallest spaces and provide a fast-growing and nutritious garden experience.



"When I was a very young child, my life was filled with intense pleasure and a vital energy that caused me to feel what I experienced to the full. I was the center of this marvelous, playful existence and felt no need to rely on anything but my own living experience to fulfill me. I felt intensely, I experienced intensely, my life was a festival of passion and pleasure. My disappointments and sorrows were also intense. I was born a free, wild being in the midst of a society based upon domestication. There was no way that I could escape being domesticated myself. Civilization will not tolerate what is wild in its midst. But I never forgot the intensity that life could be. I never forgot the vital energy that had surged through me. My existence since I first began to notice that this vitality was being drained away has been a warfare between the needs of civilized survival and the need to break loose and experience the full intensity of life unbound.




I want to experience this vital energy again. I want to know the free-spirited wildness of my unrepressed desires realizing themselves in festive play."

feral revolution - feral faun

Feral children raised by animals (wolves, monkeys, etc.)

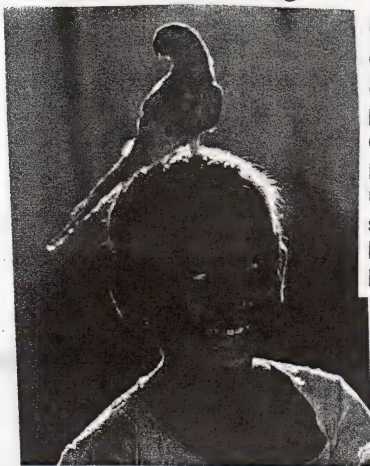
Name	Sex	Location	Date	Age	Animals
Andrei Tolstyk	M	Bespalovskoya, Russia	2004	7	dogs
☞ Traian Caldarar	M	Brasov, România	2002	7	dogs
☞ Axel Rivas	M	Talcahuano, Chile	2001	11	dogs
☞ Ivan Mishukov	M	Retova, Russian Federation	1998	6	dogs
Bello	M	Nigeria	1996	2	chimps
☞ John Ssebunya	M	Uganda	1991	6	monkeys
Daniel	M	Andes, Perú	1990	12	goats
Saturday Mthiyane	M	Kwazulu-Natal, South Africa	1987	5	monkeys
☞ Robert	M	Uganda	1985	6	monkeys
Baby Hospital	F	Sierra Leone	1984	7	monkeys
☞ Kunu Masela	M	Machakos, Kenya	1983	6	dogs
☞ Tissa	M	Tissamaharama, Sri Lanka	1973	11	monkeys
Shamdeo	M	Musafirkhana, Sultanpur, India	1972	4	wolves
Djuma	M	Turkmenistan	1962	7	wolves
Ape-Child of Teheran	F	Teheran, Persia (Iran)	1961		apes
Saharan gazelle-boy	M	Rio de Oro, Mauritanie	1960	10	gazelles
☞ Ramu	M	Balrampur, India	1954	7	wolves
☞ Syrian gazelle-boy	M	Syria	1946	15	gazelles
Sidi Mohamed	M	N Africa	1945	15	ostriches
Turkish bear-girl	F	Adana, Türkiye	1937	9	bears
Assicia	F	Liberia	1930s		monkeys
Casamance boy	M	Casamance, Guinea-Bissau	1930s	16	monkeys
Jhansi wolf boy	M	Jhansi, India	1933	10	wolves
Maiwana wolf boy	M	Maiwana, India	1927		wolves
Jackal girl	F	Cooch Bahar, India	1923		jackals
☞ ☞ Kamala	F	Midnapore, India	1920	8	wolves
Indian panther-child	M	India	1920		panthers
☞ ☞ Amala	F	Midnapore, India	1920	2	wolves
Satna wolf boy	M	Satna, India	1916		wolves
Leopard boy of Dihungi	M	Dihungi, India	1915	5	leopards
Goongi	F	Naini Lal, Uttar Pradesh, India	1914	14	bears
Mauritanian gazelle boy	M	Mauritanie	c1900		gazelles
☞ Batsipur wolf boy	M	Batsipur, India	1893	14	wolves
☞ Jalpaiguri bear-girl	F	Jalpaiguri, India	1892	8	bears
Skiron	M	Trikkala, Greece	1891		sheep
Second Sekandra wolf boy	M	Sekandra, India	1872	10	wolves
☞ Dina Sanichar	M	Sekandra, India	1867	6	wolves
☞ Third Sultanpur wolf boy	M	Sultanpur, India	1860	4	wolves
☞ Shahjehanpur wolf boy	M	Shahjehanpur, India	1858		wolves
☞ Chupra wolf boy	M	Chupra, India	1849	9	wolves
☞ Second Sultanpur wolf boy	M	Sultanpur, India	1848	9	wolves

Feral children raised by animals (wolves, monkeys, etc.)

Name	Sex	Location	Date	Age	Animals
<u>The Lobo Girl of Devil's River</u>	F	San Felipe, Texas, USA	1845	10	wolves
<u>First Lucknow wolf boy</u>	M	Lucknow, India	1844	10	wolves
<u>First Sultanpur wolf boy</u>	M	Sultanpur, India	1843		wolves
<u>Bankipur wolf boy</u>	M	Bankipur, India	1843	12	wolves
<u>Hasunpur wolf boy</u>	M	Hasunpur, India	1841	9	wolves
<u>Wolf-boy of Kronstadt</u>	M	Brasov, România	c1780	23	wolves
<u>Bear girl of Fraumark</u>	F	Krupina, Slovakia	1767	18	bears
<u>Second Lithuanian bear boy</u>	M	Lietuva	1694	10	bears
<u>Bamberg boy</u>	M	Bamberg, Bayern, Deutschland	c1680		cows
<u>Irish sheep-boy</u>	M	Éire	1672	16	sheep
 <u>Joseph</u>	M	Lietuva	1660s	12	bears
<u>Danish bear boy</u>	M	Danmark	c1600		bears
<u>Ardenne wolf boy</u>	M	Ardenne, France	c1500		wolves
<u>Wolf-boy of Wetterau</u>	M	Wetterau, Deutschland	1344	12	wolves
<u>2nd Wolf-boy of Hesse</u>	M	Hessen, Deutschland	1341	7	wolves
<u>Wolf-boy of Hesse</u>	M	Hessen, Deutschland	1304	7	wolves
<u>Aegisthus</u>	M	Italia	250		go

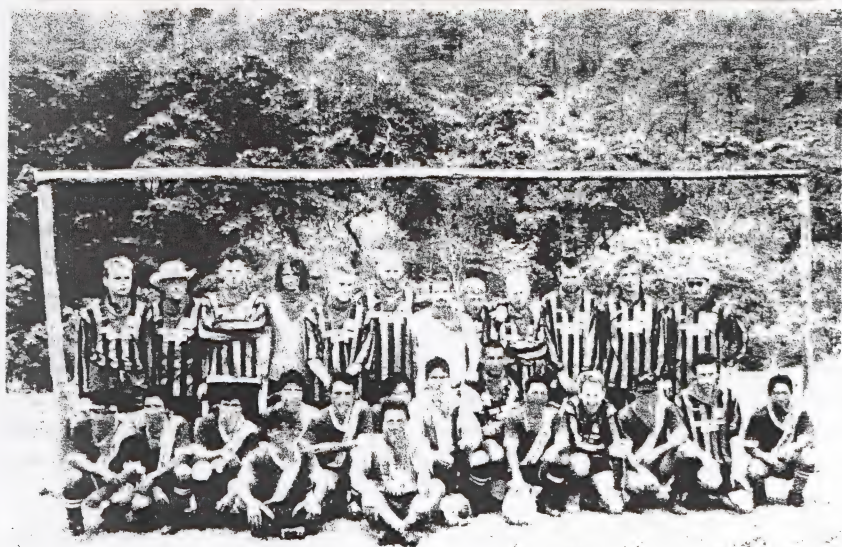
"In the 1800's, on Hazel Creek, my ancestors hunted and trapped bear. My great-great-grandmother, Moses Proctor, built a log bear pen or trap at the mouth of a little branch, from which its name Bear Pen Branch originated. My great-grandfather, Joseph Welch, once went bear hunting and brought home a tiny baby bear that had not yet been weaned. At the time my great-grandmother was in the bed with a new baby. Not being able to stand seeing the cub starve, she let it suckle at her breast. In telling this as an old lady, she said her baby would suckle on one tit and the bear the other, I have no idea what happened to the bear; surely they didn't kill it and eat it for that would have been like eating one of the family."

- Professor Duane Oliver (Hazelwood, N.C.) in 'Smokehouse Ham, Spoon Bread, & Scuppernong Wine: The Folklore and Art of Southern Appalachian Cooking'



Oh, villainous Tommy. He was another extraordinary boy, very intelligent. They had a ladder with an iron grating in front to stop people pinching things. But the milk kept disappearing from the bottles. So eventually two people kept watch at night. And Tommy turned up, with masses of pipes and tubes, and started siphoning the milk out through the grating. He had an affinity for reptiles. He used to take lizards to the cinema. *Virginia Charles*

Easton Cowboys Go West



"However else they may differ, a football team and a group of armed rebels have one thing in common, from the present point of view: that the real objectification of the action of each member lies in the movement of common objectification." - Jean-Paul Sartre.

At high noon in the mountains of Southeast Mexico the whistle blew for the start of the match. Wearing their now famous red bandanas, the local Zapatista team from the Autonomous Municipality of Francisco Gomez walked onto the pitch, complete with tree stumps and small hills. They were all set for a showdown with the visiting team from Bristol, the Easton Cowboys. As the ball flew into the air a stray dog and a couple of horses which had wandered into the goal area fled in fear.

As the Zapatistas rose up in 1994, on the other side of the world the Easton Cowboys, a Bristol based amateur football team, were organising their first international tournament. Breaking down social and economic barriers and creating new friendships, the Cowboys went on to organise an autonomous world cup last year. Teams from the township of Soweto, Norway, Poland, Germany, France, Belgium and Ireland came together in a field in Dorset to play football. By this point, news of the Cowboys' exploits and their belief in 'freedom through foot-

ball' had spread to the mountains of Southeast Mexico, and they were officially invited to play a series of tournaments in Zapatista communities.

The Cowboys toured the conflict zone for ten days and played four tournaments in all, two in the Agnasciente (centre of resistance) of Francisco Gomez and Morelia and two in the smaller communities of Diez de April and Moises Gandhi.

Overcoming the heat, altitude, constant army surveillance and ban on alcohol the Cowboys played 22 games and were



OTHER ISLANDS

impressed, if not sometimes outplayed by the standard of football in the communities. Roger Wilson, Cowboy centre half said: "We had a great time and the football was excellent. These people have shown us what is possible when you get together with a vision for a better future."

Throughout the tournaments the Cowboys lived and ate with their opponents, exchanged stories and on more than one occasion danced well into the night with their hosts. The arrival of an entire football team and assorted subs and friends in the autonomous zones was met with a great deal of excitement and some bemusement by the Zapatista communities. Some local teams had travelled for hours by foot through the jungle to reach the football pitches. A radio message from one Aguascaliente to another reported that the English team "were the whitest white people they had ever seen."

The warmth of the experience was felt by everyone. Alfredo Jimenez, a team captain from Morelia

said: "We are very emotional and excited. This is the first time anyone from far away has come to play us and we hope this isn't the last time football teams from other countries come here."

The Zapatistas have always believed their struggle is part of an international resistance movement. Alfredo Jimenez added: "We rose up so that people everywhere would be united against oppression. Not just in Chiapas, not just in Mexico but all over the world. Our hopes for the future are that the excluded everywhere will get organised."

As the Cowboys collected their thoughts and belongings for the long journey home, some were already making mental plans for a return. All were feeling that this was just the beginning of the Cowboys' relationship with the Zapatista communities. 'Jock of the Jungle', Cowboy centre forward commented while untying his mosquito net, "never has the old saying that football breaks down barriers been so true."

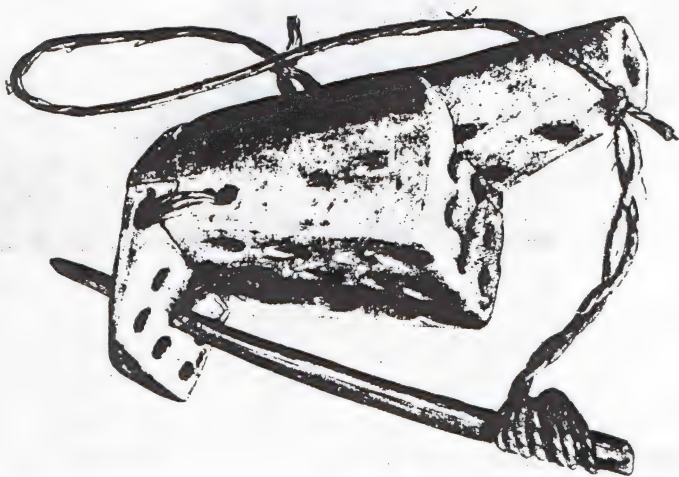


The
Zapatista
team's
rebel yell

In one of the most bizarre football matches ever played, a team from the Zapatista National Liberation Army took on a team of veteran professionals in order to win popular support for their cause. The team from the EZLN—currently engaged in a war with the Mexican government—wore ski masks to protect their identities and avoid possible reprisals. Some of the rebels turned out in army boots. The match played at Mexico City's Jesus Martinez Pafillo Stadium was part of a recruitment drive by the Zapatistas

I am merely attempting to see clearly. And I'm thinking about a game played—or at least that used to be played—by Greenland Inuits stuck inside through the long Arctic winter. The game was called “doused lights.” The rules were simple: Many people gathered, nude, in a house; the lights were doused, and silently everyone began to change places until on a signal each man “grabbed the nearest woman,” as anthropologist Peter Freuchen put it. After a while, the lights were again lit, and everyone began to joke: “I knew it was you all the time, because. . .” Freuchen describes the practical purpose of the game: “The bleakness and utter loneliness of the Arctic when it shows its bad side can get on the nerves of even those people who know it and love it the most. Eskimos [Inuits] could go out of their minds, because bad weather always means uncertain fates. Then suddenly someone douses the light, and everybody runs around in the dark and ends up with a partner. Later the lamp is lit again, and the whole party is joking and in high spirits. A psychological explosion—with possible bloodshed—has been averted.” I would add—or perhaps say the same thing in a slightly different way—that this sexual game, played within the context of an ongoing community, helps reform bonds of relationship—“I knew it was you all the time, because . . .”—that may very well be frayed by the stresses of this long period of confinement.

from ‘The Culture of Make Believe’ by Derrick Jensen



Ivory carving representing a polar bear, used by the central Eskimo in the ring-and-pin game.

Primitive Skills

Whitefeather's Outdoor Survival Handbook for Kids – Whitefeather
Great basic intro to hiking, Lean-to's, bow-drills, weather, etc.

Tom Brown's Field Guide to Nature Survival for Children – Brown, Jr
Teaches awareness, observation, tracking, ed plants, etc.

North American Indians Survival Skills – Liptak.
Food, clothing, shelter, and medicine

More than Moccasins – Carlson
Kid's guide to traditional North American Indian crafts

Houses of Bark - Bonnie Shemie (Native dwellings series)
Houses of Hide and Earth – Shemie (Native dwellings series)
Houses of Snow, Skin and Bones – Shemie (Native dwellings series)
Houses of Wood – Shemie (Native dwellings series)
Mounds of Earth and Shell – Shemie (Native dwellings series)
Houses of Adobe – Shemie (Native dwellings series)

Jim Arnosky has written a series of great books under the '**Crinkleroot**' title including: Guide to Animal Tracking, Wild Places, Animal Habitats, Knowing the Trees and Knowing the Birds among others

Long Ago Lake - Wilkins.
Book of Nature Lore and Craft, mostly Chippewa

Awarenes Activities

Keepers of the Night – Caduto & Bruchac
Native American Stories and Nocturnal Activities

Earthways – Petrash
Seasonal nature crafts and activities

Native American Crafts Workshop – Bernstein & Blair.
Instruments, clothes, games, dyes, etc.

Traditional Native American Arts and Activities - Braman.
Recipes, projects, games, etc.

Sharing Nature w/ Children 1 & 2, Sharing the Joy of Nature – Cornell
Excellent activities for deepening the connection w/ natural world
Talking to Fireflies, Shrinking the Moon – Duensing
Interacting w/nature from awareness to clever tricks to observation

Kamana for Kids - Repoley and English
Naturalist training program teaches Awareness and Hazards through fun and engaging stories. Highly recommended!
The Young Naturalist – Repoley and English
Deepen the natural connection through questions and challenges

Keeping a Nature Journal – Leslie & Roth

Simple techniques to help quietude, stillness, and observation

Ecoart! – Carlson

Simple arts-n-craft projects for youngsters using natural objects

Good Earth Art – Kohl & Gainer

Hundreds of projects using recycled and found objects

Earth Child 2000 – Sheehan & Waidner

HUGE compilation of games, stories, activities, experiments

Keepers of the Earth – Caduto & Bruchac

Native American Stories and Environmental Activities

Reconnecting

The Other Way to Listen - Baylor & Parnall

A 'Language

Older than Words' for kids tells of singing rocks, laughing flowers

Giving Tree – Silverstein

Shows how much a tree will give despite greedy mentality of civ

Weslandia – Fleischman

Radical Wesley creates a wild, self-sufficient world in his backyard

Everybody Needs A Rock - Baylor & Parnall

Helps kids form a

solid connection w/nature by finding their own "special rock"

Guy Flowering Plum Tree – Stemp

When a boy accidentally

swallows a plum pit he begins to imagine turning into a tree

The Great Change – White Deer of Autumn.

Elder explains death and circle of life to her granddaughter

Moonsong Lullaby – Highwater.

the moons observations of nocturnal activities around the tribe

Into the Woods – Krupinski

All-around intro to flora/fauna of woodland facts, poetry, trivia, etc

Tree of Life: Wonders of Evolution – Jackson.

Long-overdue intro to evolution for young readers

Chipmunk Song – Ryder

Child shrinks to live with chipmunks. Gathering nuts, digging dirt

Beyond the Ridge – Goble

When a young woman sees faces of her

people who had passed away, she realizes that she too is now dead

Great Kapok Tree- Cherry

Various rainforest animals each appear

to whisper their story to a sleeping logger.

A River Ran Wild – Cherry

history of a northeastern river. respected

for thousands of years before being polluted via industrial society

Feral/Rewilding

Wild Children: Growing Up Without Human Contact – Landau
Folklore, myth, and facts concerning various feral children

The Boy Who Ran with the Gazelles – Mayer A newborn's mother
cannot lactate, so she allows a wild herd of gazelles to raise him

The Wild Boy – Gerstein
Wonderful picture book on the famous "Wild Boy of Aveyron"

The Wolf Girls – Yolen
A detective-style story, still worth it for the feral inspiration

The Mystery of the Human Wolves – Wilson
Describes two historical cases of children reared by wolves

Children of the Wild – Burger
Collection of legends and stories around feral children

The Forest Child – Edwards A feral girl is captured by a hunter who
tries to "civilize" her, until she is freed by her animal relations!

Wild Child – Plourde Follows Mother Earth and her dancing Wild
Child through the turning of the seasons. Beautiful illustrations

The Girl who Loved Wild Horses - Goble
A young girl leaves her people to live with a pack of Wild Horses!

Salamander Room – Mazer
Bringing home a pet salamander leads a boy to rewild his room

Jaguar in the Rainforest – Ryder Readers follow the vivid
imagination of a boy as he climbs a tree shapeshifting into a jaguar

Adopted by Eagles – Goble
A stranded hunter is cared for and fed by a family of eagles

The Lost Colony of Roanoke – Fritz & **Roanoke: Lost Colony** – Yolen
"Gone to Croatan..." Although i haven't read either, i'm curious
about their approach. possibly worth looking into...

Dream Wolf – Goble A lost brother and sister are guided back to their
village by a wolf that had appeared to them in their dreams

The Dark Horse - Sedgwick
A wolf-girl adopted by a tribal family brings to life a dark legend

The Wild Girl – Wormwell Dressed in furs and subsisting on
berries, nuts and insects a young girl encounters a bear cub. terrific

Man Eating Bugs - Menzel & D'Aluisio beautiful travelogue of
entomophagy from various cultures around the world

Fauna

Animal Relations

Keepers of the Animals - Caduto & Bruchac
Native American Stories and Wildlife Activities

The Skull Alphabet Book - Pallotta
26 mammal skulls from Anteater to Zebra

Amigo - Baylor & Parnall
A boy's relationship with his only friend....a prairie dog

Claws, Coats, and Camouflage - Goodman.
how animals use adaptation to fit into their world

Hawk, I'm Your Brother - Baylor & Parnall
Boy's relationship with a Hawk he took as a chick and his discovery of freedom after he decides to release it into the wild

Out in the Night - Litpak.
habitat of nocturnal animals in 14 locations around the world

Desert Voices - Baylor & Parnall
Poetically introduces various desert animals

Thanks to the Animals - Sockabaskin When an infant is separated from his tribe, forest animals appear to watch over and protect him

Whale Brother - Steiner.
Young Eskimo boy's relationship with a whale thru music

The Boy Who Spoke Dog - Morgan Shipwrecked on an island a boy befriends a pack of wild dogs left behind

Big Tracks, Little Tracks - Selsam
following animal prints for really young kids

Animal Tracks - Dorros
Tracks in the Wild - Bowen

Julie of the Wolves, Julie, Julie's Wolf Pack - George
13 yr old runs away from an arranged marriage and lives in the tundra with a pack of wolves whose very existence is threatened by

Edible/Medicinal Plants

Green Magic - Kenly
Story of the world of plants, general botany

Fiddleheads and Mustard Blossoms - Derevitzky
Awesome guide to edible plants of the forest and meadow!

Lobster Pots and Sea Rocket Sandwiches - Derevitzky
Guide to foraging edibles of the seashore and coastline.

Edible Wild Plants of Eastern North America – Fernald & Kinsey

Wonderful beginners' id book for over 1,000 edible plants

Wild Plants You Can Eat – Young

Introduction to edible plants, nuts, berries, fruits, etc.

Wild Edibles – Hamilton

Nature stories for children

Wild Foods – Pringle

Guide to identifying, harvesting, cooking 20 common wild plants

Milkweed and Winkles – Hulbert

"A Wild Child's Cookbook"

Acorn Pancakes, Dandelion Salad, & Other Wild Dishes – George

A wild foods cookbook written specifically for children

A Wild, Wild Cookbook – George

This cookbook is a little more in depth than 'Acorn Pancakes...'

Medicines from Nature – Thomas.

Describes ethnobotany, conservation of the rain forest

Ethnobotany – Young. *general history of the field*

From Earth to Beyond the Sky – Wolfson.

Native American medicine, ceremony, sacred objects

Song of the Seven Herbs – Walking Night Bear.

how the creator gave us 7 common herbs & their uses

Mysteries of the Rain Forest: 20th cen. Medicine Man – Pascoe.

How the Trio Indians use plants in their everyday life

Keepers of Life – Caduto & Bruchac

Native American Stories & Earth Activities for Discovering Plants

Wildflower Tea - Pochocki

Old man spends 7 months gathering wild plants for his winter tea

North American Indian Medicine – Liptak

My Grandfather is a Magician – Onyefulu

Ancient plant healer of an African village inspires his grandson

Honeysuckle Sipping – Chesanow

"The Plant Lore of Childhood"

Miranda's Magical Garden – Atnip

When a girl tell a sunflower a

secret she discovers she can hear the flowers talk back!

The Herbalist of Yarrow – de la Tour

A girl doubts the power of

herbs after it is ridiculed by techno-industrial western medicine

Shaman's Apprentice – Cherry & Plotkin

Young Kamanya's path to becoming the tribes next Shaman

Wildflowers Around the Year – Ryden.

botanical name origin, uses, basic introduction.

Shanleya's Quest – Elpel

this creation story teaches edible and medicinal plants. a simplified version of 'Botany in Day' for a younger crowd.

Mushrooms

Good Mushrooms and Bad Toadstools – Fowler

General mushroom facts for early readers

Mushrooms – Thomas Laessoe Part of the Eyewitness Handbooks series. Excellent detailed info on parts, growing, edibility, so on

Mushrooms of the World with Pictures to Color – Bowers

Coloring book of 92 mushrooms plus scientific information

The Mushroom Hunt – Frazer

Follow a boy & his family gathering fungi, learning along the way

Katya's Book of Mushrooms – Arnold

The best book out there for future mycophiles

The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet – Cameron

Classic sci-fi tale of two boys and their homemade spaceship

Instant Guide to Mushrooms & Other Fungi – Lawrence

Simplified mushroom field guide for children

The Mushroom Man – Pochocki

A solitary mushroom forager befriends a mole

Sebastian and the Mushroom – Krahn

picture book of a boy who travels to a star w/a mushroom man

Permaculture

Our Allotment – Burnett

Awesome coloring book for little punk gardeners

Permaculture: Beginner's Guide – Burnett

This hand drawn zine covers ethics, methods, terms, and more

Both are avail from www.spiralseed.co.uk/

ABC of Permaculture – Zine Coloring book covers basic pc methods, terms & edible plants ("E = Earthworms, Echinacea, Earth Skills")

Native American Gardening – Caduto & Bruchac

Stories, Projects and Recipes for Families

Compost, By Gosh! – Portman

Describes the composting process in easy to understand language

Pee Wee and the Magical Compost Heap, Pee Wee's Great Adventure, Pee Wee's Family in a Nutshell – Roulston

A worm and his adventures teach vermicomposting

In the Three Sisters Garden – Dennee

Stories & projects based on indigenous gardening methods

The Secret Garden – Burnett

Mysterious garden reawakens joyful imagination

General Indigenous

Australian Aborigines – Nile. (Threatened Cultures series)
Saami of Lapland – Vitebsky (Threatened Cultures series)
Maori – MacDonald (Threatened Cultures series)
Kurds – King (Threatened Cultures series)
Kalahari Bushmen – Barnard (Threatened Cultures series)
Rainforest Amerindians – Lweington (Threatened Cultures series)
Tibetans – Kendra (Threatened Cultures series)
Bedouin – King (Threatened Cultures series)
Inuit – Alexander (Threatened Cultures series)
Romanichal Gypsies – Acton & Gallant (Threatened Cultures series)
Atlas of Threatened Cultures – Mason

Efe: People of the Ituri Rain Forest – Siy.

Some of the last hunter-gatherers on earth

Penen: People of the Borneo Junlge – Siy.

Penan use of plants for medicine, food, clothing, etc.

Eeyou: People of the Eastern James Bay – Siy.

History of the Cree Indians.

Waurani: People of the Ecuadoran Rain Forest – Siy.

Native way of life threatened by development.

Black Indians – Katz. *History of relations between Natives and Africans*

A Journey to New York – Norberg-Hodge Comic book explains
how westernization (NYC) destroys earth-based cultures (Ladakh)

The People Shall Continue - Simon Ortiz.

how native traditions have changed after arrival of civilization

Coyote Columbus Story – King.

Coyote rules the world until Columbus shows up to take slaves

When Clay Sings - Baylor & Parnall Shards of broken pottery echo
the stories of the indigenous people who shaped it

Erandi's Braids - dePaola

Girl in a Mexican fishing village teaches courage, love & empathy

Whale Rider – Ihimaera. (book & video)

A young Maori girls' struggle and leadership among her people

Clambake – Peters. *a Wampanoag tradition*

Indigenous Resistance

Story of Colors – Subcomandante Marcos.

folktale on the creation of colors and diversity, respect

Questions and Swords – Subcomandante Marcos.

Folktales of the Zapatista Revolution

Brave Eagle's Account of the Fetterman Fight – Goble **Recounts**
when an entire command of invading military power was wiped
out by Lakota Sioux, Northern Cheyenne and Arapaho warriors

A Boy Called Slow – Bruchac

Story of Sitting Bull's bravery and courage as a child

Crazy Horse's Vision – Bruchac

Describes the boy's vision quest and transformation into a warrior

Red Hawk's Account of Custer's Last Stand – Goble

Beautiful retelling of native resistance to genocide and civilization

Rabbit-Proof Fence – Pilkington. (book & video)

Aboriginal girl's escape from settlement school & long trek home

Battlefields & Burial Grounds- Echo-Hawk.

Ongoing struggle to protect ancestral graves in the U. S.

Death of the Iron Horse – Goble **Real-life story of the destruction of**
railroad tracks by Cheyenne and the elation that follows.

there are dozens of easy-to-find biographies out there on Sitting
Bull, Crazy Horse, Tecumseh, among others...

The Defenders – McGovern

Biographies of Osceola, Tecumseh, and Cochise

Osceola: Seminole Warrior – Oppenheim & Ternay

Osceola: 1804-1838 - Koestler-Grack

Cochise: Apache Chief – Schwarz

With All My Might: Cochise and the Indian Wars – Dean

Geronimo: Apache Warrior – Haugen

Geronimo: Wolf of the Warpath - Moody

Geronimo: Apache Freedom Fighter –Hermann

Sitting Bull Remembers – Turner

The Story of Sitting Bull – Eisenberg

Tecumseh: Shawnee War Chief – Fleischer

These Lands are Ours: Tecumseh's Fight for old Northwest – Connell

Crazy Horse: Sioux Warrior - Haugen

Crazy Horse – St.George

Black Elk: Native American Man of Spirit – Shaw

Ishi: The Last of His People - Peterson

Not Guilty - George Sullivan

6 cases of falsely imprisoned individuals including Leonard Peltier

General Anti-Authoritarian

Yertle the Turtle – Seuss

Classic subversive Seuss condemns authoritarian hierarchies

The Sneetches – Seuss

Blend of anti-conformity with a critique of consumerism thrown in

The Butter Battle Book – Seuss

This Cold War parody can be read as a critique of the military-industrial complex and technology

Anarchist Farm – Jane Doe

A more Anti-Authoritarian sequel to Orwell's classic novel

Harold and Maude (video)

glum suicidal teenage boy falls for a lively, older anarchist woman

The Table Where Rich People Sit - Baylor & Parnall

Mtn Girl

realizes that true wealth (community, nature) is non-materialistic

Tacky the Penguin – Lester

celebrating the joys of non-conformit

Araboolies of Liberty Street – Swope

Radical individualism wins over military/authoritarian conformity

Work, Work, Work – Quinn

Daniel Quin's book (for very young kids) on the absurdity of work

Butterfly/Mariposa (video – not the film about Julia Hill)

Spanish film focuses on the relationship between a libertarian teacher and a young student during the beginnings of the Civil War

Anarchist Stories for Children - DeVoy

<http://melbourne.indymedia.org/uploads/childrensstories.pdf>

Calvin and Hobbes Guide to Life - Banks

collection of C&H's more political material with commentary

Children's Guide to Nihilism - Aragorn!

learn about nihilism through this creative activity/coloring book

Bear and Raccoon Stories - Aragorn!

a series of anarchist myths. greatly needed in these times

Anti-Authoritarian ABC - Catapasm Press

coloring book covers basic ideas, thinkers, actions

Anti-Authoritarian

Individuals

Life and Times of Emma Goldman – Emma Goldman Papers Project.
curriculum for middle & high school students

A Visit to William Blake's Inn – Willard

Collection of poetry for children by this anti-industrial anarchist

Zhuangzi Speaks - Chih-chung Ts'ai & Bruya

Ignore Authorities & listen to the "Music of Nature." Comic book

Reclaiming Thoreau for Children:

The Trouble with Henry: A Tale of Walden Pond – O'Neil

A Man Named Thoreau – Burleigh

Into the Deep Forest with Henry David Thoreau – Murphy

Henry David's House – Schnur

Walking with Henry – Locker

A Hound, a Bay Horse, and a Turtle Dove – Wood

What Befell at Mrs. Brooks – Overlie

A Mind with Wings – Hausman

Louisa May and Mr. Thoreau's Flute – Dunlap

Henry David Thoreau: A Neighbor to Nature – Reef

Henry David Thoreau: Writer and Rebel – Doren Stern

Henry Works – Johnson Henry ambles along gathering herbs,
talking to folks, and watching the clouds in this Anti-Work tale

Henry Climbs a Mountain – Johnson

Henry uses his imagination to escape from his prison cell

Henry Builds a Cabin – Johnson

The greatest feature of his cabin is the proximity to nature

Henry Hikes to Fitchburg – Johnson While his friend slaves away to
buy a train ticket to the next town, Henry unhurriedly walks there

Insurrection/Creation

The Secret World of Duvbo – CrimethInc kids should find this
"magical story about a perfectly ordinary world, composed long
ago, in the darkness of a Swedish winter" greatly inspiring

I'm in Charge of Celebrations – Baylor & Parnall A young girl's love
for creating spontaneous rituals around personal, natural events

Super Cilantro Girl – Herrera. *A migrant girl causes plants to grow and
comes to her mother's rescue when she's detained by authorities*

Math Curse – Scieszka *A student refuses to view the world as a
cold abstraction of numbers and scientific standardization*

Piggy in the Puddle – Pomerantz
A determined pig delights in the mud against her parents wishes

Naughty Parents – Gosney
A child can't control her wild parents who constantly get into trouble

The Way to Start a Day – Baylor & Parnall Shows how people
around the world throughout time have greeted the Rising Sun

Uno's Garden – Base
Progress wipes out all the plants & animals turning everything grey

Where the Wild Things Are – Sendak
Max reminds us all that we can create the world we desire

Direct Action

The Luddites - Liversidge

The only (?) kid's book on the Luddites.

Definitely worth tracking down. Published by Franklin Watts, 1972

The Story of John Brown's Raid on Harpers Ferry - Kent

The Lorax - Seuss

"I speak for the Trees!" Priceless eco-defense for young'uns

Hoot - Hiaasen

A new kid joins up with a runaway, using

sabotage to stop development that threatens burrowing owls

Flush - Hiaasen

Noah and Abbey use property damage to help

their father who sank a casino boat that was polluting the Keys

The Sheep Look Up - Brunner

Quest for the Faradawn - Ford

Both are great additions to the Anti-Civ/D.A. bookshelf

Little Squatters Handbook - Cordelia and Ziggy

five toys squat an empty doll house and unite to resist eviction!!

Pom Poko (video)

Raccoons use direct action (sabotage,

property damage) to stop development of their woods. Excellent!

Missing from Haymarket Square - Robinet

Child workers steal

from the rich, attempt to free their dad, an imprisoned organizer

Breaking Free: The Adventures of Tintin - Daniels

Tintin and his mates engage in sabotage, strikes, and riots in this left-leaning detourned comic. Good read for the direct action element, but don't expect to find a critique of civilization (specialization, domestication, alienation) anywhere in it, though

Farewell to Shady Glade - Peet

"Progress" forces animals must flee their woodland habitat

Miscellaneous

(Fiction/Survival/Homesteading/Self-Sufficiency)

Island of the Blue Dolphins - O'Dell

Gripping story of young girl who lives alone on an island for 18 yrs

Snow Walker - Mowat (movie)

When a cocky westerner crashes his

plane, his Native passenger teaches him primitive survival skills.

Fire-Us (triology) - Armstrong & Butcher

kids facing a post-apocalyptic world that killed off all the adults.

Tuck Everlasting - Babbitt

Homesteading family lives off the map.

Explores the importance of Death in the Circle of Life.

Hatchet - Paulsen

13 yr old is stranded in Canadian wilderness with

only a hatchet. One of Paulson's many great books on survival.

Touching Spirit Bear – Mikaelson Native concept of "Circle Justice" banishes a delinquent to an abandoned Alaskan island

Heidi – Spyri Young orphan sent to live with her reclusive grandfather in the Alps (living on fresh raw milk, herbs, and traditional foods and befriends a goat herder who declares school, "a stupid waste of time") then sent to live in the city where she grows weak and lifeless.

Watership Down - Adams rabbits search for land, and dream of utopia, after developers level their home

The Blue Butterfly (video)
A terminally ill 10 yr old follows a famous entomologist into the Costa Rican rainforest where he is healed. Based on a true story

Erandi's Braids - de Paola. A Mexican girl shows selflessness and sacrifice to help her fishing village

My Side of the Mountain, Far Side of the Mountain and Frightful's Mountain - George. Classic inspirational trilogy. Sam leaves the city to live in a tree in the Catskill Mtns, befriendng animals and l learning wild food and survival. Later his sister Alice joins him and his pet falcon is taken by authorities. Last book is written from the falcon's point of view.

One Small Blue Bead - Baylor & Parnall
Bead tales of a primitive boy and elder's journey

Lobo of the Tasaday – Nance A day in the life of Lobo, a young boy of the (fictional) Tasaday. Follow him as he catches animals to eat, swings on vines, among his cave-dwelling tribe.

Lil' Folks

at the risk of being accused of "reeking of mysticism," i strongly believe that books on plant spirits, faeries, pixies, gnomes, elves, etc. can be very useful for children. anything to help them form/deepen a closer bond with the earth is desperately needed. anything that could encourage them to go outside, sit down, and have a real, unmediated experience with the natural world is crucial. these experiences might lead them to develop a relationship with the wild things so intense that they too realize it's worth fighting for...

Wild Flower Children, Flower Children, Mother Earth's Children, and Bird Children – Gordon

Author uses simple rhymes to introduce readers to her characters

**Mother Earth and Her Children & Story of the Root/Snow/Wind
Children & When the Root Children Wake Up - von Olfers
Around the Year, Woody, Hazel and Pip, Christopher's Harvest Time,
Flowers' Festival & Children of the Forest - Beskow**

Elsa Beskow's books incorporate ancient Scandinavian pagan
imagery and earth-based celebrations (amanita mushroom hats!)
**Summer Solstice, Winter Solstice, Autumn & Spring Equinox - Jackson
Pippi Longstocking and The Tomten - Lindgren**

Cicely Mary Barker's 'Fairy' books have recently become re-
released, unfortunately this means they have now become mass-marketed
toward the "Disney-Princess" crowds. There are however a few simple ones
that, through poetic-botanical verse, help kids learn to i.d. various flora.
Avoid the "scented glitter and stickers" titles in favor of these:

**Flower Faeries of Spring, Flower Faeries of Summer, Flower
Faeries of Autumn, & Flower Faeries of Winter**

Question: What book would you give to every child?



Answer: I wouldn't give them a book. Books are part of the problem: this
strange belief that a tree has nothing to say until it is murdered, its flesh
pulped, and then (human) people stain this flesh with words. I would take
children outside, and put them face to face with chipmunks, dragonflies,
tadpoles, hummingbirds, stones, rivers, trees, crawdads.

That said, if you're going to force me to give them a book, it would be *The
Wind in the Willows*, which would I hope remind them to go outside.

Derrick Jensen



The Fast Fire Game

The fast fire game is similar to the fast shelter game, except there are a number of ways to play. The game can be played by teams or by individual children, and can employ matches or the bow-drill method of lighting the fire. To prepare for the game, have each group or child dig a fire pit and clear away a safe area around that pit. All the children should build their pits in one general location for safety reasons, and to better enable you to see all the fire locations at once. Once the fire pit has been dug, have the children hammer two stakes into the ground on either side of the fire. About two feet above the bottom of the pit have the children tie a string between the two stakes. The object of the game is to have the children quickly gather firewood, set up the tepee fire, and light it. The team or child burning through the string first wins the game.

Once the fire pits are dug, have all the children sit in front of them. As soon as they are all settled, start the game, and have the children go out over the landscape and bring back all the different types of wood and materials they will need to build the fire. They must have tinder, kindling, and firewood set up in a tepee fire before they can attempt to light it. During the building process correct any major problems or unsafe practices, but the less said the better. When the first group burns through the string, proclaim that group the winner. There should also be a second and third place if the groups are big enough. Any group that mistakenly uses or collects living (green) woods should be disqualified.

if you know any kids who enjoy number puzzles, here's one they can try:
 $A = 6, B = 12, C = 18, D = 24$, and so on...

$C = _ O = _ M = _ P = _ U = _ T = _ E = _ R = _$

Now add them all together: $(18+90+78.....)$ Total = $_ _ _$

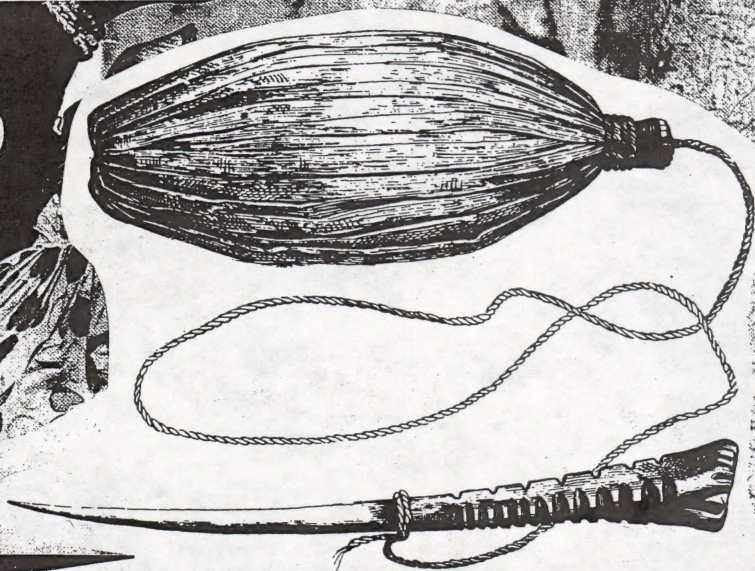
submitted by Oat Straw

links and resources


greenanarchy.org
beatingheartspress.com
anti-politics.net
blackpowderpress.com
geocities.com/aliveandawol
derrickjensen.org
rewild.info
re-pressed.org.uk
inthewake.org
325collective.com/distro
johnzerzan.net
primitivism.com
greenanarchy.info
anthropik.com
greenanarchist.org
species traitor/kevin tucker
primalwar@gmail.com
feraledge@gmail.com
blackandgreenpress@gmail.com

wildroots.org
cs.org
primitive.org
pfaf.org
hollowtop.com
natureskills.com
primitiveskillslinks.com
earthknack.com
nativetech.org
primitiveways.com
primitiveskills.org
wwmag.net
foraging.com
naturetalk.net

Wild Child Distro will be up and running soon, for a current list of titles contact: primalparent@hotmail.com



Egg-shaped ball made of rushes and pointed deer-bone pin used by the Thompson Indians of British Columbia in the ring-and-pin game.



But the walls still stand and I am tired...

Set me aflame once more.